

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XII.—No. 301.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1902.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½D.]



W. & D. DOWNEY

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE . . . . NATIONAL SEA FISHERIES PROTECTION CONFERENCE.

THERE was a special incidental interest attached to the recent Conference of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association at Grimsby, in the fact that it was the first meeting of the Association held out of London. The attendance of representatives of various fishing interests and localities more than justified the changed venue. Grimsby has attracted to itself much attention in respect of fishery questions, not always in the most pleasant or amicable way. The proceedings of the recent Conference, however, were marked by every amenity of debate, and, as a rule, by a remarkable unanimity of conclusion.

The Conference lasted two days, or some portion thereof, under the chairmanship of Lord Heneage. Undoubtedly, the resolution of greatest importance that was passed was that which recorded the unanimous opinion of the Conference that a fishery board for England or some fishery department of Government should be established having "an increased status." No doubt the idea is that England should be in the same position in this regard as Scotland stands at present. It must have seemed anomalous to anyone who has given consideration to the subject, and it is an anomaly that naturally did not escape the comment of the speakers at this Conference, that Scotland should have her fishery board all to herself, and that no like department should be in existence in England. It is an anomaly that is too obvious to be worth emphasis or discussion, for the interests of English ports are not less than those of Scottish in deep-sea fishing, and the supply of sea fish is a question that affects the nation at large. In the course of his speech proposing this resolution Mr. C. Hellyer remarked with regret that there existed on the part of those in authority a practically total want of knowledge of deep-sea fishery questions. There are questions, no doubt, that by their very nature are peculiarly difficult of answer or even of investigation. The Government, it is satisfactory to learn, is already making efforts and spending sums on their solution. Mr. Garstang, of the Marine Biological

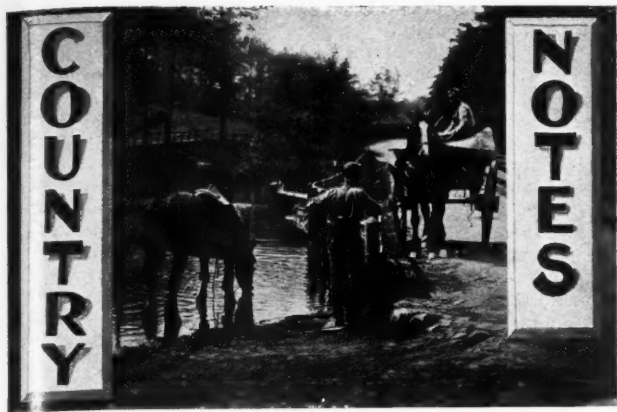
Association, was able to inform the Conference that a steam trawler is even now being fitted out at Governmental expense in order to try to learn a little more. That is well. It also is well that the marine laboratory, museum, or whatever it should be called, at St. Andrews, should exist, and that the appropriate studies should be pursued there; but, after all, an immensity, almost everything, remains to be learned. Mr. Hellyer's remarks may be pregnant, and a more methodical and better endowed system of study may be the result of the Conference's resolution, with the final outcome, it may be hoped, of better and cheaper fish for breakfast. That, after all, is the ultimate aim. Mr. Garstang appealed, almost pathetically, for the co-operation of fishermen and of owners of fishing boats in recording systematic information. No doubt if there were good hope of response to the appeal the information would be of the first value. But is there this good hope? We wonder. Among other subjects touched on by Mr. Hellyer, who was supported by Mr. G. Doughty, M.P., was the closure of the Moray Firth to British trawlers, and telegraphic communication, in the interest of the fisheries, to the Faroe Islands and to Iceland. In regard to the latter point, the necessity of establishing the proposed communication was endorsed emphatically by Provost Mearns of Aberdeen, who spoke in evidence of the large number of vessels already employed in prosecuting the fishing around those islands, although that local industry as yet was, as he affirmed, only in its infancy. With regard to the closing of the Moray Firth to British trawlers while it remains open to the operations of trawlers of other nations, this is an absurdity, and an exasperation to the native fishermen that has been very often pointed out. The Firth of Clyde subsequently was added as another area of enclosed water which the Conference thought should be thrown open. Another resolution passed was that the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association should bring weight to bear on the railway companies to carry fish quicker and at lower rates than at present. Without commenting directly on this resolution, we may observe that the present is not quite the time for bringing too much weight to bear on the unfortunate railways, whose backs must be nearing the breaking point of the proverbial camel's. The opinion of the Conference was recorded that it was desirable for owners to encourage the system of apprenticeship to trawling, in order to ensure efficient fishermen, and, in case of need, efficient sailors for the fighting fleet. The injustice was pointed out of a provision of the Washington Conference whereby the trawler, with her gear out, is compelled to give way to a sailing vessel, thus violating the essential maxim of the road at sea that the more able for locomotion shall give way to the less able. These are points with which we all shall be in agreement with the opinions of the Conference. Further, the sense of the Conference was formally taken and recorded on the following three points: First, the necessity of preventing the landing and sale of immature fish—in regard to which Mr. Garstang very pertinently pointed out that we require more evidence than we have that the present Bill dealing with this subject will effect its designed purpose; secondly, the necessity or the benefit of transplanting fish, or their ova, and of establishing hatcheries—on this point we may say that so much has been done in the United States, and apparently so successfully, in this direction that it might be worth while to send out an expert, or a small delegation, to study the methods employed there and their results; and, thirdly, the necessity of "systematic regulation of the catching power to prevent capture of great numbers of fish that yield no profit to catcher or vendor"—a resolution that sounds vague enough to mean little.

That, on the whole, is about the sum total of the more important of the resolutions of the Conference, and so well pleased were its members with what they had done that after dining and sleeping over it all a further resolution was passed that the Prime Minister should be asked to receive a deputation in regard to the last three resolutions, and also in regard to the first and most important proposal for the establishment of a department of Government for England analogous to the Fishery Board for Scotland. All the rest seems as if it were, or should be, subsidiary to this last. If the proposed Fishery Board be established, it is reasonable to hope that its members will be efficient and will set themselves and their subordinates to the systematic study of the problems of deep-sea piscine life, on which so much of the future of our fisheries may depend.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE latest portrait of the Duchess of Wellington forms our frontispiece this week. Her Grace is the daughter of the late Captain Robert Griffith Williams. In 1872 she married Arthur Charles Wellesley, fourth Duke of Wellington, who succeeded to the title on the death of his brother in 1900. Pictures of their beautiful country home at Strathfieldsaye appeared in a former issue of COUNTRY LIFE.





**P**ROFOUND satisfaction will be felt at the announcement made by the King that Saturday, October 25th, has been definitely fixed for His Majesty's drive through London. It is, so to speak, the formal intimation that the period of convalescence is over, and that once more he is well and strong. This has, of course, been known for some time, but the procession has been longed for as a ratification of the fact. On the day after—that is, Sunday, October 26th—it has been arranged to hold a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, at which their Majesties purpose to be present.

Parliament meets again next week, and so the weary legislators will have to cut short their shooting and their hunting and attend to business in Westminster; and for once the country is satisfied that there is some need for an autumn session. The development of the great Empire in South Africa is the most important subject of the day, and no doubt we shall have some authoritative statement in regard to the steps that are being taken. There exists a very wide and general faith in Lord Milner, but he has the task of steering the Colony through a very threatening time. We have had proof enough that fair as the Boers may be in their more calculated words, the beating they have had has left behind it a certain soreness that might lead to difficulty if not skilfully dealt with. At home the Education Bill is the chief topic of interest, and it is to be hoped that during the recess Mr. Balfour may have got into touch with those who know the practical requirements, and that he has an open mind in regard to the wisdom of modifying and revising his proposals. We hope the subject will not be allowed to become a kind of football to be kicked about by the opposing parties.

The Earl of Dudley is making himself very popular in his newly-acquired post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. To be a thorough sportsman is really far more of a recommendation to the Irish people than to be a deep-thinking politician. A sportsman Lord Dudley certainly is, and he is likely to get on swimmingly in the "distressful country." On Tuesday his Excellency went to Ballinasloe to see the great October Fair held there. This fair, which holds a world-wide fame for its show of fine horses and sheep, has been of late years but a shadow of its former self, the Dublin Horse Show and large sheep sales in Dublin and other places proving more convenient marts for buyers. Even in the past thirty years there has been a great falling-off in the sheep fair (which used to be held in the picturesque demesne of the Earl of Clancarty). In 1873, for instance, over 71,000 sheep were on offer, and about 60,000 were sold. Nowadays, 20,000 to 30,000 would be more like the supply. Prices, too, have changed very much; as while in 1873 four guineas each for ewes was no uncommon price, half that sum would be the outside price now.

The opening of the new Royal Veterinary College of Ireland in Dublin was one of Lord Dudley's first public duties as Viceroy. Some hundred years ago a crude sort of veterinary college was started in Dublin, but it soon came to grief, and since then Irishmen desirous of entering the profession had to leave the green shores of Erin to study in England or Scotland. For the past thirty or forty years an agitation has been going on to establish a veterinary college in Ireland, but it is only recently that it has become a *fait accompli*. However, now that it is established, it bids fair to be a great success. The new buildings, which are quite close to the Ball's Bridge show grounds of the Royal Dublin Society, are most complete in every way, all the fittings and equipments being of the most up-to-date description. It seemed preposterous that Ireland, with such a wealth of livestock, and whose great industry was her trade in horses, cattle, sheep, etc., should be without one institution in which her sons could be taught the valuable knowledge of veterinary science.

The King has been having several days' deer-driving on Mr. Neumann's forest, and killed some fine stags both there and elsewhere at this very ancient and royal sport; for it was the habit of the old Scotch kings to hold great deer drives, in which sometimes large numbers were shot with bows and arrows. The deer drive is of two kinds. Either the moor or the forest may be the scene. Driving deer on the hills is a difficult business. It is hard to be certain of getting them to pass the guns. Great care is needed, too, in moving them. But the actual shooting, when the stags at last make up their minds to come on, is intensely exciting. As they hesitate, some big stag will often take the lead, and head the charge past the guns. But driving, though a very striking form of shooting, disturbs an open forest seriously. It can only be done a few times in a season, and the forest is often deserted by deer for weeks after a big day's sport of this kind.

In the wooded low ground deer have quite different habits. They lie there much as the red deer do in the woods of Exmoor, only not so close. They come back to the shelter of the woods quickly, do not move so far, and the drives are not over nearly so much ground—in fact, woodland deer-driving is quite the proper form of sport on such ground, where it would be difficult to kill the stags in any other way. But we foresee a danger about the popularity of this sport. It is picturesque, exciting, and easy—only you want plenty of deer. If they are artificially increased, we may get to the point at which German shooting now stands, where deer are preserved so thickly that they are shot like rabbits as they rush down lines of netting. Probably we should not go so far as to have the arrangement by which German wild boars are driven down funnels to be shot, the funnels being arranged to let the largest boars go to the most favoured shooters. But we do not like the notion of deer battues gaining ground in this country.

It seems only too certain that a general deterioration of the red deer is in progress all over Scotland; heads and weights alike grow smaller and smaller. It is only by degrees that the owners of forests are arousing themselves to a sense that it behoves them to take some action; but experiments are being made and measures taken that are sure to have the result desired if they are pursued with patient perseverance. Already the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Fife, Mr. John Williams, and some few others have brought about an improvement in their stags by following those maxims of common-sense that so often are honoured not in the observance. The importation of fresh blood, the attention to winter feeding, the killing off not of the best but of the worst stags, the reduction to some reasonable limits of the numbers of the hinds, these and the like measures have produced their inevitable and excellent results on the forests owned by the proprietors or tenant mentioned above, and the like results will become more general as the like measures are adopted more generally. In certain forests the wapiti cross-breeds have been turned out, and the increased weight of body and size of horn are the necessary effects; but there are some who do not care to commit themselves to this crossing of the original red-deer stock. Still, if the crosses give us venison to eat and fine horns to show, that is much.

It is not often that a bridge takes two centuries and a-half, or thereabouts, in planning and building, but a note in Lord Francis Hervey's charming first edition of the "Breviary of Suffolk," written in 1618, shows that this was about the pace at which business was transacted by the county authorities in the Middle Ages. It is perhaps rather a long time to take in considering plans; at any rate, they did not "rush" things as the Oxfordshire County Council did the question of Sonning Bridges. The bridge is St. Olave's at Herringfleet. In 1296 a jury empanelled by the Sheriff of Norfolk recommended that it should be built. A century and a-quarter later a "patent" was granted by Henry V. to build the bridge. The county then considered the job a hundred years longer, with the patent in their pigeon-holes, until Dame Margaret, wife of Sir James Hobart, decided to build it herself. After this the bridge appears to have been looked upon as a being responsible for its own actions, for it was regularly "presented" at Assizes, as if it had been a malefactor, for being out of repair.

Robert Reyce, the author of this delightful little miscellany, says things about rabbits which ought to make the modern rabbit-destroying agriculturist blush for shame. How different their position in 1616! "Of the harmless conies," says the author sweetly, with recollections of rabbit-pie coming fragrantly over him, "the harmless conies, which do delight naturally to make their abode here, I must say somewhat more, for their great increase, with rich profit for all good housekeepers, hath made everyone of any reckoning prepare fitt harbour for them, with great welcome and entertainment, from whence it proceeds that there are so many warrens here . . . from whence it is that there is none who deeme their houses well seated, who have

not to the same belonging a comon wealth of conies, neether can hee bee deemed a good housekeeper that hath not plenty of these at all times to furnish his table." Apparently they were highly esteemed by neighbours who did not own a common-wealth of conies too, and even the clergy were presented for poaching them. In the rolls—we think it was of Orwell Manor—one Hardekyn, a "clerk," was had up or presented more than once for shooting conies with an arrow, and at last was put into chains or prison for his inability to resist temptation when he had his bow and saw a rabbit within shot.

On Deeside, and north of it, they will not make a harvest at all; southward, to the very border, they are busy on the harvest even now, and may get it all saved, if no snow comes, by Mid-October. In England it is reaped, though lately, and yet our almanack tells us, of September 1st, that "partridge shooting begins." These calendars should be above "life's little ironies." Partridge shooting in any general sense never does begin then, and least of all in a season so backward as this. It is scarcely more correct to say of October 1st that "pheasant shooting begins." If it did, without discrimination, there must have been some very little ones, to quote classic words. "Old cocks only," first time over, is likely to be made the rule in many places. Those on whom the late harvesting of the corn, and the consequent impossibility to get at the partridges, will tell the hardest are those small shooters who take walking or dogging ground and are recalled to town at the end of their holidays before the corn is well gathered in. They may be able to find some consolation in the thought of the good stock of birds left for next year, but little satisfaction in a perusal of their game books.

#### ARTIST FAIRIES.

Oh! brave little artist fairies, I see you when no one sees,  
Astride on a moonbeam scaffold swung high in the windy trees,  
Toiling and laughing and toiling, when the drowsy world's a-bed,  
Painting the lime leaves golden and tinting the beeches red!

Your brushes are tipped with the dainty web-wings of the dragon-fly,  
And each green leaf is a canvas, each branch is an easel high;  
With the dew you have moistened and mixed them, those colours of  
gold and brown,  
And the red that you stole from the westward as soon as the sun went  
down!

Sometimes, little artist fairies, I wonder and wonder why  
You toil so long at a picture that will fade ere the new moon die,  
For I know with the last fall'n apple and the last of the laden wains  
You will turn to your silver etching on the frosted window-panes!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

An interesting event was the first sale of the Aberdeen-Angus herd of cattle at Maisemore Park in Gloucestershire. During summer we illustrated and described this extremely fine collection, of which the celebrated bull Elate was at the head. Mr. Cridlan naturally did not part with him, but he sold Eimeo to Mr. James Calder of Ardgarth for 71 guineas. The sale was a very successful one indeed. Three heifers of the owner's own breeding brought 107, 108, and 110 guineas respectively, Mr. Hudson of Danesfield, Colonel Smith Grant, and the Rev. Charles Bolden being the purchasers. A total of £1,482 16s. was realised for the fifteen lots. In the case of so young a herd this was a most satisfactory result, and cannot fail to encourage the breeding of black cattle.

With the hum of the threshing machine in the farm-yards, the stubble ploughing has begun over the greater part of England, and the farmer is occupied in getting in his winter crops. The ground is friable and easier to work than it has been for several years at the same season, and with a fine October the crops, though late, should do well. Although the potato crop has been a comparative failure, the mangel and swede have both done well, and the lifting and pitting should proceed satisfactorily if the month is favoured with a little sunshine. Altogether the season is a successful one as far as food for stock is concerned. Sainfoin is in flower for the third time, supplying ample food for the sheep.

Following the wail of fruit-growers and hop-pickers comes the lament of the bee-keepers. The season has been an exceptionally bad one in the Highlands, where it means a great deal to the small crofters and cottars, who count on the honey supply for bringing in a small part of the yearly income. Their hopes for May were blasted by the terrible snow-storms that swept over the hills. June, the most important month in the bee-keeper's calendar, was cold and stormy for the most part; and when the middle of August arrived, when the bees are taken to the moors and hills, the heather was not in bloom, the beginning of September having arrived before the moors were in full purple blossom. This has meant much money lost in feeding the bees, and scarcely any surplus honey to sell. To add to the loss, if the bees are to be saved for another season they must be largely fed, which means much to the humbler bee-keepers.

The entries for the Dairy Show reflect in an interesting manner the agricultural position. It is, for instance, a great year for roots, and the number entered beats all previous records. Whereas there were in 1899 only 163 entries for the milking and butter tests, it speaks volumes for the increasing popularity of these practical tests that this year there are 214. The total number of exhibits has dropped from 7,741 in 1899 to 7,239 in 1902, and it will be remembered that the years included show a steadily decreasing quantity of live-stock in the possession of British farmers. A hope is felt in many quarters that the present year, with its abundance of keep, will witness the beginning of a recovery towards the older and more satisfactory condition of things. Next week we may have some comments to make about certain special features of the show. All that we can say just now, as the result of a brief inspection, is that the general quality of the exhibits is all that can be desired and promises to ensure a very successful show.

Not often has France shown herself so much moved by the loss of one of her sons as she has by the death of Emile Zola. It is not his literary work that has so greatly excited his compatriots as the memory of his thunderous "J'accuse." Captain Dreyfus was a silent, but probably deeply interested, spectator of the funeral. France has, of course, always been, more or less, a hero-worshipping country, but we do not know if her homage was ever paid to a worthier figure than that of the toiling, self-made writer, whose novels are so conscientious in workmanship and so dull in execution. But it has been fully recognised that at a moment of supreme crisis he had the courage, careless of all consequences to himself, to speak out what he believed to be the truth.

A most interesting subject of discussion has been debated for some time in the pages of a contemporary. It is the advantage of what is called a simpler life. One can easily see a reason for this rumour of a revolt against luxury. Indeed, it is but the revival of a doctrine that was held passionately in the early years of last century. Thoreau was, perhaps, its best exponent, though Ruskin and William Morris and Froude and Carlyle all played with it more or less. Thoreau's argument is best known about the foolishness of having many beds when you can only sleep in one, and the philosopher of Chelsea almost started once for the backwoods with an axe. It was all rather high-flown, and, sooth to say, ridiculous. Anyone familiar with the lean, spare figure of Carlyle, and his long white fingers, could scarcely help laughing at the idea of his hewing timber, and the Oxford students who went road mending did not vastly distinguish themselves with the mattock and the shovel. Nor need surprise be felt. If a thoroughbred were set to haul a brewer's dray, he would not acquit himself so well as a Shire horse.

Our time is one of more common-sense and less high-flown notions. The advocates of a simpler life base their homilies largely on economy, and there can be no doubt that the middle classes at any rate embarrass themselves needlessly by paying others to do work which they could very well accomplish themselves. For example, if a family be only moderately large, if each will do something in a house the work will not be a burden, and the saving will work out to a considerable sum. Other things being equal, too, there is a sense of comfort in being without too many domestic servants. It is absurd to argue, as some appear to do, that every woman should do a certain amount of housemaid's or charwoman's work. There are graces and accomplishments that can only be cultivated in ease and leisure, and life would be poorer for the lack of them. But, on the other hand, there are thousands of ladies who would benefit alike in health and purse by doing more housework. A few generations ago it was a fashion, and a very proper one, for a lady to understand and manage her own household and culinary arts.

It is good news that a contract has been undertaken by Messrs. Hampson and Smith, the chief railway engineers in Mexico, to construct a line that shall connect the present Mexican Central line with the Pacific seaboard. The City of Mexico has a charming winter climate at its great elevation. A delightful winter tour will be made possible by this new extension, which, the contract provides, shall be completed within a little over two years. By steamer to Havana, thence to Vera Cruz and on to the City of Mexico by the most picturesque railway line in the world, a stay of such duration as one may please in the capital, then a railway journey to the Pacific Coast, and by steamer again to San Francisco, whence there is a choice of routes home, would make as attractive a circular tour for the winter months as can be imagined. The railway journey down through the northern parts of Mexico is very dreary, but by the proposed new route this may be avoided without traversing again the line of the journey out.



## NORTH COUNTRY HARVESTING.

ENGLISH people as a rule are possessed of the pleasant notion that the harvest, generally speaking, throughout Great Britain is saved in August. We have the harvest moon and the hunter's moon and the rest of them. The almanack knows when the harvest ought to be, and the public has a faith in the printed word that is as touching as it is flattering. The harvest, unfortunately, takes little heed of the moons and the names that we give them, and for all it cares about the almanack, such a man as Whittaker might never have been invented. What the harvest—that is to say, the corn—does care about is the sun. The sun affects it a great deal more than the moon; and this year, again unfortunately, there has been very little sun. On the whole there have been good crops. The hay crop was in places a record one, and in places it has been very well saved. In other places the saving has not been a success. The corn crops have been a success, too, so far as the growth of them went; generally they have been long in the straw and heavy in the ear. But the seasons have been altogether upset. In the South of England towards the end of August the writer saw in adjacent fields hay being made and corn being cut. This is unusual. The farmer of those fields, who is something of a republican and a sinner, seemed inclined to attribute this admired confusion to the Coronation, just as pro-Boers ascribe most things that are not as they should be to the new diplomacy. Whatever the cause, the fact was there. The hay crop in general lay out long, partly because it was a heavy crop and required a deal of labour to make it, and partly because the weather was so treacherous that often it was impossible to do anything with the hay, and, further, that the thoroughly damped stuff required a great deal of labour for its making. Labour is a commodity that it becomes harder and harder to get in the quantity required, and if hay harvest and corn harvest are going to be gathered simultaneously, the demand for labour will become more insistent than ever. The supply shows no sign of increasing to meet the demand, but rather, on the contrary, to decrease by the agricultural people seeking the towns, while the demand grows. These are great problems, fit for discussion, and ripe for discussion, in higher places.

It would be folly to regard August as the normal harvest month—speaking of corn harvesting—in the North of Great Britain. No one but a very one-eyed calendar, from the Arabian Nights, could regard it so; and yet we have known of a "hairst" ingathered on Deeside in July. This, of course, was exceptional—even unprecedented—and probably a record that has not been touched since. Certainly in this year of grace—though of little grace for the Deeside corn crop—it has not been threatened. There will be no harvest on Deeside, that is the simple truth, generally stated. And what is said of Deeside may be taken as typical of the North generally, accepting Deeside as the northern line of the region illustrated by this unhappy typical instance. It is not that the crops have been bad—they have even been very good, so far as their growth has gone—but there has been no sun to ripen them—they are green. They are fit to cut to feed cattle, or to feed cattle by turning the beasts in on the crops, but that is all; and it is not the beginning and end of the purpose for which the Highlander took on him the labour—not being a laborious man naturally—to put his corn into the ground. Corn, be it understood, means oats almost universally in that Northern country. Barley is a doubtful experiment, and wheat more than doubtful. But even oats will not ripen this year.

Here and there on the lower moor, while shooting, one comes on patches that confess, almost with shame as it would seem, that they have suffered, at some more or less remote time, the work of the plough. The time is so remote that the native heather has grown up all over them again, and it is their form only, the ridge and furrow, that confesses them once to have been under the agricultural hand of man. Their appearance is striking, amid the general unchecked undulations of the moorland, and gives one cause to think. For the moment one is inclined to suppose that these are to be taken as signs of a kindlier climate once reigning in these lands. The solution most likely is different—namely, that these evidences of the ploughshare of peace are, no less, though less directly, evidences of the sword of war. What they mean is that in the former wartimes, such as the Peninsula and the Crimea, corn went to war prices, the foreign supply was not plentiful, it paid to grow corn wherever it could be grown,



M. Emil Frechon.

YOUNG HARVESTERS.

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and the temptation was obvious to attempt the growing of corn in places where it could not pay. Whether it paid or not in the case of the patches that have reverted to the original heather one cannot now say. For a while it is probable that the crop succeeded, where it had a man to tend it who was likely to make this or any other job that he took up a success. We cannot know. But in any and all cases it is probable that it had no longer a chance of being successful when the glorious sun of peace came back, and prices went back to a peace standard. They must have been very good and altruistic Gaels, tilling these patches, who could pray absolutely with a whole heart that peace might be restored.

In some of these Northern "hairst-fields" the labour question becomes the more important because the field is so up-and-downy, so hilly, that the relatively new labour-saving machines hardly compete with the hand labour. You cannot ask your great four-horse cutter and "self-binder," as it is called, to go to its work at an angle of thirty degrees out of the horizontal, and much broken up with smaller declivities and inequalities even at that. It is a land where the original (comparatively

handy for work on the very steep places as the sickle, which is a single-handed weapon. So we see this surviving still in the more primitive and the more mountainous places.

The agriculturist families of the furthest North do not seem to be touched quite to the same degree as those more Southward with the disdain of fieldwork and the ambition to live in cities. They do not desert the country to the same extent, though even with them the tendency is seen. But all sizes and sexes will apply themselves to the work, as is shown in the illustrations. The harvest never is a very heavy one, according to the standards of more Southern and sunny climes; the sheaves are not of the weight of a wheat sheaf of the Midlands; the women and even the children are well able to pile them together, bound in armfuls. This is not the soil of which Mr. Chamberlain thought when he propounded his famous equation of three acres to a cow. The comment of these people of the North to that proposition would be, "Three acres will na' keep a coo"; and it is not to be answered. It is the truth, and a truth beyond which the argument cannot travel. Only too much of the crop will go in a backward year like the present towards the keeping of the



M. Emil Frechon.

### THE LAST SHEAVES.

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speaking—all is relative) scythe and sickle still are the accepted and admired engines for cutting the corn. They do not, however, seem to leave much straw standing, so that one is tempted to an impious doubt about these "stubbles" which are traditionally supposed to have given cover to the partridges that our fathers hunted with their admirably broken pointers. It does not do to enquire too closely into these traditional mysteries, and no doubt the solution may be that in those good old days they considered the reaping of the ear as the great thing, and did not attach a deal of value to the straw. Thus may we save the reputation of our fathers and satisfy our own critical souls at once. The scythe with which we see many of the Highlanders reaping is one of which the handle goes out two ways, "V"-shaped, from the blade. The "V" is strengthened by a cross-piece, so that an inverted "A" would express its form perhaps better. The handles are much shorter than those of the scythe commonly in use in the South (if the South has any common use of any form of scythe), and probably it is a form that, in consequence of bringing the reaper closer to his work, is very much better adapted to the cutting of very undulatory ground than the long-handled scythe would be. At the same time it is not so

"coos," because it will not ripen so as to be harvested for use in oaten bannocks. Thus it makes, indirectly, beef or milk instead. But it is an unprofitable use to which to put it—only better than none.

There is much to be said, from the artist's point of view, for this simpler harvesting, done by the hand of man with aid of scythe or sickle, rather than by the great machines; but it is possible (and it is done often) to push this point of view rather too far, as if nothing might be said for any other. The attitudes of the men cutting with scythe or sickle, the attitudes of all sexes bent over the work of binding and gathering, make their appeal, which always is effective, to our appreciation of man's earliest work in winning the fruits of the earth. Millet knew how to express it better than any other. But there is something to be said on the other side, too. There is a majesty and a force in the big machines drawn by the team of horses, or, more still, in the steam-worked engines. They are emblematic of man's rule over Nature's forces, and display, besides, an ingenuity of construction that appeals very strongly to the mind of the artist, which rarely is addicted to mechanical study. The thing is seen to be immensely powerful, and is altogether mysterious. The



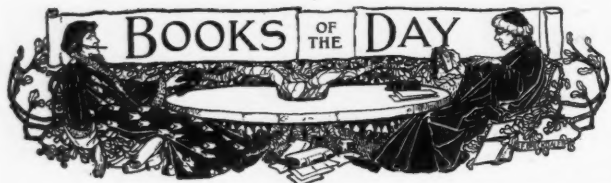


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THE PART OF THE POOR.

M. Emil Frechen.

power and the mystery together are impressive, not less impressive in their way, although it is a different way, than the simpler arts of harvesting. Each is good in its place, and now and then we do see the machine harvester at work on fields that seem, from their steepness, hardly possible for harvesting by these means. Of the population that we see in the "hairst-fields" of the North a large proportion are at work on their own patrimony—they have the owner's interest in the success of the crop. But with the best will in the world, only a small part of the crop will be harvested this year. The wintry summer has too long delayed it.



NOW that ten years have passed since the death of Tennyson, it may be possible to allot him his right place in the gallery of "English Men of Letters," and he is at last included in the series published under that title by Macmillan and Co., the writer of this latest addition to it being Sir Alfred Lyall. It is in the nature of a sober, quiet review of the man's life and work, written with more sympathy for the philosophical than the literary side of the poet. Interspersed are one or two curiously interesting touches. For instance, in regard to the fact that the idea of "Locksley Hall" was taken from the Moallakât, "the suspended poems, composed by Arab bards in or about the seventh century of our era, and hung up in the Temple of Mecca," Sir Alfred tells us that the prelude is imitated from the *Nasib*, "a melancholy reflection on deserted dwellings or camping grounds, that once were the scene of love and stolen meetings." He shows in a note that the famous allusion to the Pleiades is almost better in the Arabic than in Tennyson. Here they are for comparison, the version of the Arabic being by Sir Charles Lyall. By the bye, Sir Alfred spoils Tennyson's rhythm by substituting Pleiades for Pleiads.

#### TENNYSON :

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads rising through the mellow glade  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

#### IMRA-AL-KAIS :

"What time in the Eastern heavens the Pleiades climb the sky  
Like the jewelled clasps of a girdle aslant on a woman's waist."

Every critic has his own method, but one very much doubts if Sir Alfred has chosen a very good one. His first chapter is headed, curiously, "Boyhood in Cambridge," but Tennyson was eighteen before going to Cambridge, and his real boyhood had been spent in Somersby, to which less than two pages are devoted, and these two pages are very illuminating. It might have been pointed out how much the poet owed to heredity, to his many-sided, able, but stern father, and his mother, a fine mixture of sweetness and resolution. Further, a trend was undoubtedly given to Tennyson's genius by the character of the scenery amid which he grew up. Sir Alfred is very keen to display the literary origin of various poems, but he does not see that what he read was of infinitely less importance than what he had lived amongst. The green meadows, the brooks, the sylvan glades, and flat fields of Lincolnshire never escaped his mind. The "cool mosses deep" in Holywell Glen, the shore at Mablethorpe, the fine old hall at Harrington, were concrete incentives to imagination.

"No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
Or low morass and whispering reed,  
Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
Or sheep-walk up the windy wold."

This is quoted to prove Tennyson's habit of "prolonging the description," whereas it exactly renders the scenery of his childhood, in which the Wizard

"... found me at sunrise  
Sleeping, and woke me,  
And learn'd me Magic."

Whoever can help us to realise the character of the magic that was taught in those early summers spent between the marsh and the wold does yeoman service. Just as Scott was made by his interest in the romantic lore of the Border legends and ballads and "auld wives' tales," so Tennyson grew out of the silent river and the silvery willow, the pasture and ploughland, the homestead and harvest of his native place. Sir Alfred Lyall recognises the principle of this when he shows that Tennyson really had not the historic imagination. That is felt very much in the famous, too famous Idylls. He gives us not the historic Guinevere, who "while she loved was a true lover, and therefore she had a good

end." A true lover! Mark how the ancient *raconteur* reckons that a virtue for which much, nay, all, should be forgiven, and it is by no means certain that he was wrong. But "in Tennyson's poem we have the faithless wife and injured husband of our own society," a society steeped in cant and smothered by convention. Sir Alfred delicately hints that "the excellent Arthur" lacked tragic quality and was something of a preaching prig. Because it was a tale of unhappy love, the old Celtic romance treats Guinevere with indulgence and pity; "in Tennyson's Idyll the tone and management of the situation have been carefully adjusted to the ethical sentiment of the present time," which seems a polite and cautious manner of declaring they were spoiled. Again, Tennyson utterly missed the exquisite poetry of the old tale of Tristram and Iseult, as touching and tender as ever came from lips of man, and made mere melodrama of it, the Nemesis familiar in old Adelphi days. The greatest of all the Idylls was, of course, the *Morte d'Arthur*, but we are not sure that Sir Alfred Lyall comments with knowledge on it. His talk of being here "in the full atmosphere of Christian piety and the mediæval church," neglects a suggestion put forward by German scholars, that the story of Arthur, like the song of Roland, was originally Pagan in conception and treatment, and the pietistic touches were inserted later by monkish copyists.

Sir Alfred Lyall displays a curious tendency to quote from the weaker poems of Tennyson, and it is singular that he has no single word to say of "The Vision of Sin," in which there is an aspect of Tennyson found in no other of the poems. After reading his opening sentences it is inconceivable that he should omit it. His search for philosophy, again, has a most fatal effect. On page 147 there is a quotation showing an elision after the first two lines. Sir Alfred misses out one of the most beautiful similes, and a passage as fine as there is in Tennyson. It is this:

"And mixt the dream of classic times  
And all the phantoms of the dream  
With present grief, and made the rhymes  
That missed his living welcome scene,  
Like would-be guests an hour too late,  
Who down the highway moving on  
With easy laughter, find the gate  
Is bolted and the master gone."

It was doing no good turn to the poet to omit the most poetic passage in quoting from him. Sometimes it is asked what was Tennyson's masterpiece, and Sir Alfred answers, with a decision that in itself provokes doubt, "In Memoriam." Lovers of poetry pure and simple will join issue with him there. This work interested the people of the age because the author, with great sincerity, learning, and judgment, debated from many points of view the great question of the immortality of the soul. The doctrine of evolution had played havoc with what Carlyle called Hebrew old clothes, and yet the very widening of consciousness made annihilation seem more impossible and deepened the import of the question—Shall Man

"Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?"

The most worldly and the most flippant must have moments when they feel the gravity of this problem. Sir Alfred reminds us that Shakespeare, with his "indolent and kingly gaze" at human passions and follies, propounded no reassuring speculation. "The rest is silence" were Hamlet's last words. Whereupon our critic gently insinuates that Tennyson's hope was vain. Be it so or not, his discussions of the problems of that time are in their nature ephemeral. Art has nothing to do with argument, and Tennyson's art was at its highest in his pastorals, his songs, and "The Lotos Eaters." Those of his earlier days, too, were finer than those that came later. The cobblers and spinsters, curates and churchwardens of late life are not done with the vigour and sparkle of "Locksley Hall" and the "Grandmother." Yet in his wonderful old age he produced some poetry of a different kind that may be as immortal. Such, for example, are

"When the Dumb Hour clothed with Black  
Brings the dreams about my bed,"

and "The Gleam," to which reference has already been made, the fine song "To Sleep" in "The Foresters." But it is a profitless business to cheapen a poet's wares. The better plan is to note which of his poems is retaining its hold most strongly on the public mind, which of them is passing out of notice. And, at any rate, it is something to be thankful for that during the whole or practically the whole of Victoria's reign literature had at its head so fine and stately a figure, one, too, that the hand of the literary body-snatcher has been unable to desecrate. He dominates our modern poetry yet, for by some inscrutable law it seems to be inevitable that for a long time after the death of such as he the place remains unfilled. It is likely that the interregnum will be larger than usual, just because Tennyson living in his time could nevertheless see so far in front of it.



## STAINED GLASS AT FAIRFORD.

IT may not be generally known that some of the finest stained glass in existence is to be seen in the little town of Fairford in Gloucestershire. Far-famed as these windows are, however, to those who make a study of the subject, few outside seem to know much about them beyond the fact of their existence. There are three considerations tending to give these windows an interest which is, perhaps, unique. 1. They are the only instance in England where the church is completely filled with mediæval glass, the whole following a definite scheme of decorative arrangement. 2. The primitive German and Flemish schools can here be studied in a medium other than oil paint and during one of the most interesting periods of their histories. 3. And, further, Nature has added to the exquisite colour of the original work by a process of softening and harmonising of an unusual nature.

We know that all stained and painted glass owes much of its beauty of colour to the influence of time. In Fairford, in addition to this usual mellowing process, a minute growth of lichen has formed on the surface of the glass. The effect of this has been to give to the white and lighter shades every variety of the most delicate greys and greens, and to the whole a wonderful sense of harmony.

In connection with the origin of the glass, a curious legend was current. It was related that one John Tame, merchant, during his travels was asked to pilot a ship bound from Nuremberg to Rome. The ship contained "excellent paynted glasse" which had been ordered for a church in the capital. John Tame not only piloted but pirated the ship, so runs the legend, and brought the spoils to his native town in Gloucestershire. There in the year 1492 he built this church to hold it. The belief in the story was added to when, in a collection of MSS. presented to the Bodleian Library, a paper without date or signature was discovered containing this remark: "Sir Antony Vandyke came to see Fairford windows and told me the drawing was the work of Albert Durer." The writers of those days described Durer as an "Italian" artist; nevertheless, the name of Vandyke gave great authority to the tradition. We may here add that it would not have been impossible for Albert Durer to have made some of the designs, for he was, at that time, a young man of twenty-three, studying in Nuremberg, his native town. There is just sufficient substratum of truth in the legend to give it an air of *vraisemblance*, notwithstanding the fact that no church exists in Rome with Perpendicular windows. But here is the tomb of John Tame before us, in solid stone, and here also is the church which he built in 1492, a date which corresponds to that of the legend. And is not this, in front of us, the "excellent paynted glasse" so materially different from any English work of the period, and bearing such intimate resemblance to the early German and Flemish schools? What still further inclines one, on first hearing it, to a belief in the story, is the appearance of what is supposed to be Nuremberg Castle in one of the designs, the well-known canopy arrangement above the single figures, and an instance of one figure with green drapery—both characteristics of the Franconian school. However, as is usual in these matters, recent research waives all this interesting conjecture, and thus robs us of a peculiar pleasure. In a



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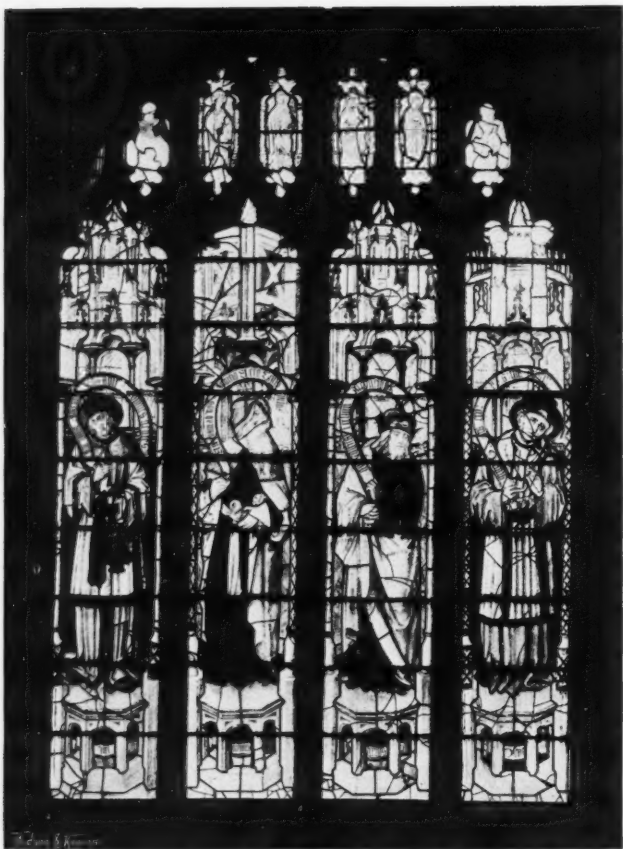
monograph on the Fairford windows the Rev. James G. Joyce ascribes the glass unhesitatingly to Flemish and German artists working under English contractors. He discovered the contracts for the great east window of York Minster, and also those for the windows at King's College, Cambridge. These were executed by six English firms, who employed able draughtsmen and colourists brought up in foreign studios. From these facts he concludes that the Fairford windows were executed under similar conditions. And yet, in spite of the presence of some of the English saints and the Perpendicular architecture, the character of Flemish and German art is so paramount, and the workmanship so much in advance of, and so different from, any in England of the period, that the impression that the work must have been done abroad obstinately persists. The composition of the pictures as well as the portraiture in the heads show the most marked influence of the late Gothic styles of the German and Netherland schools. Some of the figures recall Roger Van der Weyden, others Holbein and Albert Durer, whilst in the conception of the demons that distinguishing fantastic element is recognisable, which, later, developed to excess, became the conspicuous fault of the German school. Stepping from the characteristic Gloucestershire country into an atmosphere permeated with



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THE DOOM.

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THE HEBREW SEERS.

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the spirit of Flemish mediævalism creates an impression of contrast which is both strange and piquant. One turns abruptly from these English farms, with their quiet mill streams and pasturing cattle, to the harsh, religious conceptions of the early Christians and the stern philosophy of old morality plays. The contrast is striking. It recalls the old play recently acted in London, where, in the midst



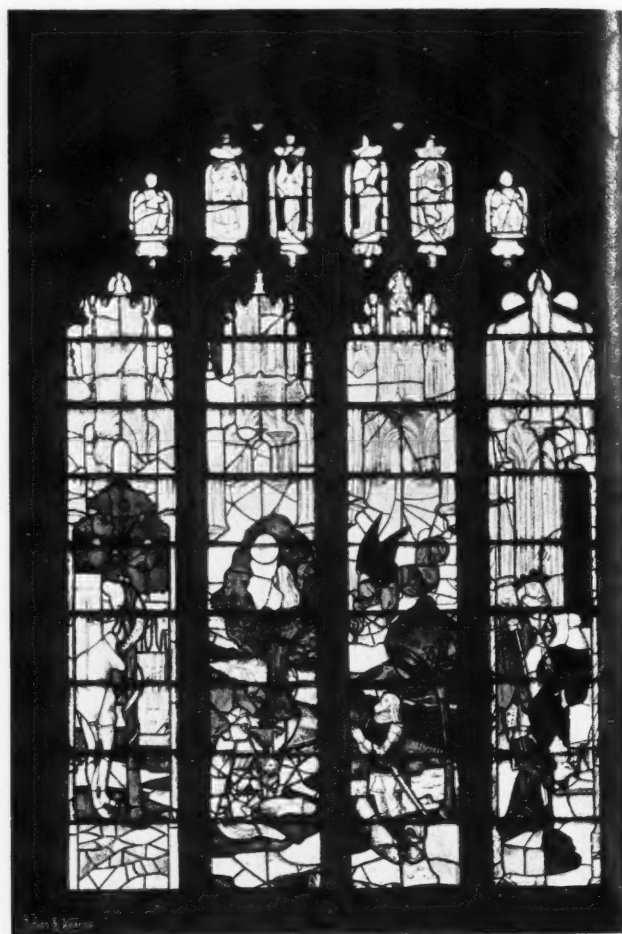
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PERSECUTORS OF THE CHURCH.

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of his pleasures and careless life, the hero, Everyman, is suddenly called to his senses by the shrill note of the horn blown by the Angel of Death. The whole story of the Redemption is represented in this series of windows. The east is given up to the story of the Crucifixion. On the north a series of scenes from the Old Testament is opposed to subjects from the life of the Virgin and the Nativity. The twelve Apostles are arranged to correspond with the Evangelists and the Fathers of the Church, whilst in the clerestory the Saints are facing the Persecutors of the Church. It is a strange circumstance that some of the best workmanship and colour have been put into the Persecutors of the Church and the quaint devils let into the small lights above them. Was it that the artists had grown a little weary of rendering so many saints and angels, and that their imaginations found fresh energies in a new field of operation? Whatever the cause, the fact has been commented upon by no less an authority than Mr. Lewis Day in his excellent work on painted and stained glass.

The most important and impressive of all these designs is the great west window representing "The Doom" or "Last Judgment." This is, indeed, a magnificent piece of work. A rainbow of colour radiates from the central figure, and the



H. W. Taunt.

QUAINT BIBLE SCENES.

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windows on the right, below the transom, in their glowing richness are equal in colour to anything that has ever been done of the kind. The composition has been very skilfully designed with regard to the stonework, so that this helps rather than interferes with the general effect. The plan of the work follows, more or less closely, the traditional scheme of composition for this subject. In the centre, above the transom, sits the figure of Christ on the Throne; on his right is St. John the Baptist, on his left the Virgin. In the furthest circle of the rainbow are two companies of the Angels of the Passion; in the third, or blue circle, are the Cherubim, the Angels of Knowledge, whose place is close to the Throne of the Eternal; the second is the Apostolic Circle, and in the first, or ruby circle, there are the Seraphim. These, being the Angels of Love, according to ancient writers, are always placed nearest of all to the Throne.

Below the transom the subjects represent the Fulfilment of the Sentence. St. Michael is conspicuous in the centre, holding in his hand the balance of Justice, in which the souls of men and women are weighed. Around him the dead are rising from their graves. On the left St. Peter stands with the key of Heaven, passing the blessed to the gates of Paradise. On the right is the "Fiery Furnace of Hell," where the damned are



being tortured and cast into flaming caldrons. It is here that the imagination of the artist has allowed itself full freedom; but the naïveté and intense sincerity of the conception, the magnificence of the colour, and the skill in the workmanship, preserve it from any sense of the incongruous. Many of the incidents and devils presented are most fantastic. Some are covered with scales like fish, others have grotesque heads with asses' ears. In one place a damned soul is being wheeled to torments in a barrow, in others they are borne away on the backs of devils, or cast by them into a boiling caldron of fire. Near the mouth of the pit, where men and women are being sucked down by wild tongues of flame, the King of Hell himself is portrayed, crouching with huge grotesque head and eyes of flame. No words can describe the wonderful colour in these last two windows. Every shade of scarlet and crimson and purple is woven into the scheme. The luminous transparency of the glass adds to the impression of glaring

heat, and considerably enforces the intensity of the general conception.

It is interesting to recall an incident during the time of the Great Rebellion when these windows were taken from the church and buried for a short period in the neighbourhood. In the replacing, the original order was slightly altered. Some people hold the opinion that we owe to this temporary burial the advent of that strange growth of lichen on the outer surface of the glass, which has added so conspicuously to the beauty of the colour. It is also curious to note that when "those devastating ruffians of Cromwell" did attack the church, they singled out for particular destruction the scenes from the sufferings of Christ and the history of the Virgin. We can, at least, be only too thankful that they passed by that wonderful picture of "The Last Judgment," as well as so many other excellent windows, which still remain intact and in the order in which they were originally placed.

## THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PEOPLE who hunt—and lots of us hunt in our neighbourhood, in spite of wire and the fact that the Master is snowed under with requests not to draw this or that covert till January, at least—people who hunt, tell me that riding on a road is dull.

Now I can't see how riding even on a stone pier could be dull, for the simple reason that one is bound to have one's horse with one. Some horses *may* be dull; mine never are; and I don't do much on the roads. I think of the country I'm going to cross as a map, and I take all the odd, criss-cross ways; cart-tracks, bridle-paths, accommodation roads, which sometimes land me in a noisy farmyard unexpectedly where I can get a glass of milk or a pocket full of very small pears. Round about us, the bridle-paths are beautiful, and the disused roads are grass-covered, and you can canter for a mile or two. Then there are the woods, the natural woods that make the charm of our country, where the tall hazel bushes slap upon your head, and the crazy, lichened boughs of little oaks—our oaks are not large ever upon the chalk—make you stoop forward till you are double, or, better still, lie down backwards with your head upon your horse's croup. Spread out that way—a very safe position with a lady's seat—you gaze upward to dazzling little squares of sky; you speculate about old nests; catch red glimpses of squirrels, and trust everything (as I always do) to the animal that carries you.

Going over fields, there are now and again nice little jumps to be negotiated—and altogether, small need for the "ammer, ammer, ammer on the 'ard 'igh road." Best of all is the slow climb to the top of some round green down, the pause and the speculation, while your eye roves over the landscape all patched in blue and green and yellow, as to where this or that townlet nestles, what village yonder spire proclaims. The sense of peace and calm and space, the joyous knowledge that all this lovely earth is yours, that indeed "the world is all before you where to choose," comes strongly to a rider, and to enjoy it, one must be alone.

I don't claim for a moment that mine is the right way to take a riding tour, but I do know it is a nice way. When I had my saddle built, I ordered a lot of arrangements to be put upon it, so that I could carry things. In practice I never carry anything at all, unless a tiny poncho which rolls up as small as a pistol; and this I rarely undo or put on. If it rains much I shelter, and talk to nice, funny people at forges and in cart-sheds, and hear a lot of charming things; and if it rains little I ride "between the drops"; apart from which, I never mind getting wet.

Sometimes I buy new under-things in the little towns I arrange to drop into by four or five in the afternoons. This answers amusingly enough, and one comes to wear very singular garments, which can be cheerfully left behind at the next halt. Other times, when I feel I can bear to know where I am going to be at the end of twenty-four hours, I wire home, and my maid posts a change and a clean stock and waistcoat; then I can do up everything I take off and post it home. There is wonderfully little trouble about this, and no expense to speak of. You can brush your hair quite well with a ninepenny hair-brush and comb it excellently with a fourpenny comb, which you buy off a card at the village post-office. It is really only fancy which causes these articles to smell of bacon and candles; and, when you come to think of it, the things people put upon their hair (who needn't put any smell at all) are often not any nicer than bacon or candles—are, indeed, pretentious relations of bacon and candles, springing from a common stock of tallow!

I don't believe nearly enough people know that you

can buy tooth-brushes in bunches at something like sixpence each, and preserve all that staunch sense of economy that sits so well upon us, even if you leave one behind at every inn!

No, I carry nothing—except money and a knife and a piece of string. One must have those, because one is always finding such delightful and unexpected things which have to be picked and worn or tied to the saddle, where the scent and beauty of them come to you as you trot.

Pause and think of the lovely clearness that informs your life when you can shake free of possessions, the terrible endless, utilitarian possessions (chosen with care and pretty in themselves, of course) that one spends so much of life in fiddling with! When I think of the objects spread about the tables in my bed-chamber, all with that smug air of being essential which civilisation takes care to give them, when a vision of them rises in my mind as I sit in the saddle in my single set of clothes a hundred miles from home, a chuckle breaks from me as I recognise that I have seen through this hollow appearance of theirs. There is in each one of them a subtle core of complete dispensability—and when I'm loose, and riding, why, *I know it*.

As to horse furniture, it is best to have a buckle-bridle rather than the neat sewn one that does at home. The ardent ostler, lavish with the polish he handles so seldom, leaves such a lot on, and the stitching gets discoloured and displeases the eye of the horsewoman. Seeking out the humbler inn, and avoiding those establishments which call themselves hotels—though sometimes you have to go to them—I put my horse on the pillar chains and just loosen his girths before I go to ask about accommodation for myself. The landlady always tells me that I can have "anything I like" to eat, but it is safer *not* to set your heart on quails and salmon, because she *really* means that she can give you ham and eggs, and the rasher will be cut like a steak and exude an unfamiliar gravy. While she is bundling her family out of the room you are to occupy (in company with a strong suggestion of brown Windsor soap—the kind that makes the water in a hand-basin dark umber and clings to the skin for days), I go back to the stable and begin seeing to my horse. If the ostler is at hand and capable, I let him do it, and I watch him; if he is not at hand or not capable, then I do it, for I wear a habit skirt that looks very nice walking, and is handily out of the way as well. Here's what I do.

I find a pail and wash it out and clean it, and draw a clear bucket full of the best water I can find, not minding how cold it is, and I give my horse as much as he cares for at once. If there is a man within sight even, that man will leave whatever he is doing and come straight up to remonstrate with me—which proves, if I were in any doubt, that we are in dear old England, where it is held bad for horses, but not for men, to drink when they are hot. Sometimes I explain that in Russia they break the ice upon the water to let their steaming Orloff trotters drink—and nothing fell befalls them. Sometimes I go on and don't explain at all. Then I brush my horse's legs down with a nicely-made wisp; when the spectators see me make this wisp they begin to feel a little confidence in me. Next I wash his feet, and there is usually somebody to object to that.

The human being (whose instincts are still very imperfectly known) has a natural prejudice against water being used in any form at all for any purpose whatever. This is my fixed belief, and Society has done little to disguise and nothing to dislodge the sentiment. Still with my mount in the open yard, I go all over him with a wisp; I hand-rub him like a Bond Street

masseuse, and when I've cleaned the stable sponge I sponge his eyes and nostrils and pull his ears. If he has done thirty miles since morning, which is a good piece of work for a horse carrying a lady, who carried her yesterday and will carry her to-morrow, he appreciates all this immensely, and it is quite the best exercise for me after sitting in the saddle so long. You can get rid of a small infinity of time in grooming a horse; it is delightful work, and really far more invigorating than prowling round looking for the sexton, trying to get the key of the church, and looking at tombs and brasses and rool-screens—which is the usual alternative that is offered me in a village.

Having narrowly inspected his oats and seen him eat them, he may be left to the sweet hay which it is not difficult to find in England, and I can stroll round to find a salad for my dinner in the inn or some other garden. You can mostly depend on lettuces in English villages; people take a pride in growing them because they are nice easy things to grow, and practically nobody—no peasant, I mean—ever eats them! It should be said that I am not speaking of such villages as are invaded by the London tourist who demands his lettuce wherever he may be, but of those villages

nobody but myself (so far as I can observe) ever seems to pass through.

After dinner, with the excuse of seeing one's horse bedded down, it is pleasant to go out and join for a few moments the circle that will have collected to discuss him. The "man from the front" is there; there is a man from the front, as certainly as there is a pump, in every village in England to-day. While the slow smoke of deferentially concealed pipes rises in the warm gloom of the cobbled stable there is a fragment of tragedy jerked at you, and the name of some mate left below the veldt sand is softly spoken.

"Best be 'im as lose both arms in a thrashin' machine, like 'is brother," says a voice.

"An' where's Joe, now?"

"Orspital. Well, goo'-night, miss." For it is bedtime, and the village is going to bed. I have yet to apologise to the landlady in my most engaging manner, for personal idiosyncrasies in the matter of baths. One is loath to leave the stable, where the slow munching of hay and the play of the wooden ball on the neck rope make music on the manger—but after fourteen hours in the air and every muscle stretched and limbered, one is tired—so, "Good-night."

## SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD.

LITTLE Frank, some of whose boyish pastimes the photographer has been trying to catch, lives with his father and mother in a secluded farmhouse. It is such a one as may be met with in many counties, with red rambler roses flying over the front, and the garden walls masses of ivy. Quite close to the house are a hundred places that Frank thought were built for his amusement. There is a cart-shed in which he clambers up the tilted waggons to find the swallows' nests; pigsties, much frequented by rats, that he in vain tries to catch; cow-sheds and stables, and poultry houses, hay-stacks and corn-ricks, a pond, a summer-house, and a medlar tree—all meant for his pleasure. The owners are substantial people, who own the land they occupy, and it is no wonder that the boy took early to sport. It was his father's hobby, and the farm has every facility for it. A very delightful brook, with flowery weed-grown banks, runs or rather wobbles unsteadily between meadows of grass to a deep river which flows past silently, as if rebuking the ceaseless and idle chatter of its tributary. Here and there it is crossed by plank bridges, not so big but that Frank could sit stride-legs and watch the speckled trout below him and long to catch them. After a great deal of trouble he induced Nipper, the fox-terrier, to come too; but Nipper did not greatly admire trout, and never felt quite comfortable on the plank. The boy himself was not content to see the fish; he longed to catch them. What stirred him the more was that at the farm there was a boy called Danny who knew how to do it. Now



E. T. Sheaf.

HIS FIRST ROD AND LINE.

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all the fathers and mothers pointed a finger of warning at Danny. They said he was never out of mischief, and would do no good. He could scarcely be induced to go an errand for his people, but for catching and killing things there was not his equal. Even staid men could not help admiring him, especially those

who came from the town to fish. They brought with them beautiful rods and flies and silk lines and baskets, and often had to go away without catching any, while Danny, who could only at times procure a ha'penny to buy a hook, would whip them out quite easily. Yet his fishing tackle consisted only of a long stick cut in the plantation, a line made of tailor's thread, and as often as not a crooked pin. With these he made pocket-money, for anglers coming to fish for pike in the big river bought minnows for bait from him. Yet he never saved enough to buy a good rod, because money, in the words of an old proverb, seemed always to burn a hole in his pocket; and even at this early age he was a spendthrift at heart. Frank despised minnows, because his father sometimes took him out in the punt and



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HIS FATHER'S GILLIE.

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let him use the landing-net. So he did not think it accorded with his dignity to descend below trout. With a line of thread, then, a crooked pin, which had a worm wriggling on it, and as large a stick as he could find, he sallied out to catch the trout that he saw so often swimming in the pool below the plank bridge. For company's sake he took Nipper with him, though the fox-terrier did not consider his position on the plank a very happy one. On going out he told his mother, in the sanguine, open way natural to him, that he was going to catch two dozen trout, for he had reasoned it all out quite simply. He knew the trout were always swimming about in the same place, and felt sure they would not be able to resist the temptation if he procured the very largest lob-worm such as he had seen crawling among the flower-beds or caught in the grass roots. Bending eagerly over the plank, he looked out for the biggest trout, and gently brought the worm close to its mouth. He noticed that some of the others whisked about as if they were in terror, but the large one remained perfectly still except for fanning the water gently with its fins. Obviously he pretended not to see the huge lob-worm wriggling in mid-water. So Frank twitched and guided the line till it was almost in its mouth. The trout turned quickly on its tail, and darted away down stream like some dark flying bird. Frank was greatly disappointed, and longed to punch Danny's head, but Danny was bigger than he, so that prudence prevailed. However, he tried again from the reedy bank, where he could drop his bait into a deep pool below the mill race. The minnows came and nibbled at it here, and in spite of his dignity he could not help trying to catch them. While he was watching, a fish much larger and broader than the minnows rushed in amongst them and made off with his bait. He pulled up his line quick, and great was his delight to find he had hooked his first fish, a beautiful red-finned perch, that when carried home was weighed and found to be quite five ounces. The farm children heard



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SWINGING ON A GATE.

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AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.

about it as they were swinging on a gate, and laughed and cheered with great glee. Even Danny condescended to praise him, and as the two wandered along the brook expounded to him the ways of trout, how they always fed with their heads up stream, and waited in little eddies behind the big stones for whatever the water brought down. From which he drew the moral that to catch them in a brook you must work upward and cunningly keep behind, gently dropping your bait in the stream and letting it float naturally into their hiding-places. He told him to keep well out of sight, for the trout is so timid it will take fright at a shadow. Then he laughed at Frank for trying to catch them with a big lob-worm, which was fit only for the coarse palate of an eel or a perch. The worm he used was a tiny red brandling to be found by digging in an old well-rotted manure heap, and he made the brandlings tough by keeping them in a tin full of moss that he wetted with a little milk. In good loamy soil there was also to be found a worm that trout would take. It is of a bright red colour, and generally tied up in a knot. So did Danny set forth his boyish lore till they came to a place where the brook widened over a stony channel with here and there a deeper hole. The foamy, noisy little rills were very beautiful, but

Danny did not stop to think of that, but, pulling off his boots and stockings and rolling up his shirt sleeves, jumped in, and began "guddling," that is, feeling under the stones and catching them with his hand. No sooner did Frank see him actually catch one or two than he followed his example, and the boys forgot all about time and how the sunny hours were flying, so deeply immersed were they in this pastime.

But Frank's father, who was a great sportsman, though he admired Danny greatly, came to think he was too clever to have about the place. For the urchin did not confine his attention to the brook trout, but wanted to catch everything that flew or ran, and his ingenuity proved to be his bane. He had been greatly interested in the working of a steel trap that was occasionally set for rats in the barn and in the pig-stye, and the idea came into his head that it might catch something else if set in a corner of one of the fields, where there were some gorse bushes and he had seen game of various sorts come to feed. Whether his eye was on fur or feather was never



E. T. Sheaf.

"YOU YOUNG POACHER."

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known, unless it could be guessed, from the fact that he had a pocket full of wheat, which, presumably, he meant to sprinkle over it. But it so happened that while he was busily engaged setting it, Frank's father, who had been out shooting with old Ponto, came silently round by the gorse, and stopped to watch what the urchin was up to. It did not take long to find that out, and so he walked forward and asked, with some asperity, what the young poacher was doing. Danny glanced up, suddenly trying to look innocent even in his dismay, and rather too young to be ready with a glib excuse. For that offence Danny was handed over to the tender mercies of the farm bailiff, whose method of enforcing discipline, though tried and ancient, has not become any pleasanter through long usage. Yet even at the present moment some doubts exist as to whether the cane has been effectual, or if it has only taught him to be more cunning. As Frank was watching them clipping the mare he heard shrewd Thomas Purdie saying to the stable-boy: "The young pickle was never meant for drowning." What that meant he was not quite sure, but felt certain it boded no good to Danny. So he is in grief for you see he has not come to an age when he can distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate forms of sport, and he never had any other companion so amusing as Danny.



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CLIPPING THE MARE.

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## IN THE GARDEN.

### NEW AND RARE ROSES.

**T**HE subject of Rose growing is without limit. It is possible to exhaust culture generally, but every year new varieties appear to maintain our enthusiasm in this, the most beautiful of all garden flowers. At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society many Roses were shown, an object-lesson for those whose gardens are flowerless at this mellow season of the year, when a hundred flowers are ready to brighten border, bed, and woodland. During the recent sunny days the well-planted English garden has been more pleasurable than in summer, when cold winds and rains held everything in check and made outdoor life miserable.

**A New Japanese Rose.**—*Rosa rugosa germanica* Conrad Ferdinand Meyer is the name of a Rose destined for a high place in the English garden. Its name is abominable, and sufficient to hamper the popularity of the Rose. It is a vigorous climber, not exactly of the Crimson Rambler type, but more bushy, as the parentage *Rosa rugosa* would suggest. It is the result of the double crossing of *Gloire de Dijon*, *Duc de Rohan*, *Maréchal Niel*, and *Rosa rugosa*. The growth is spiny, as in *R. rugosa*, very vigorous, strong, and the flowers appear in welcome abundance, while their colour is a clear flesh pink, quite double, and therefore longer lasting than many of the frail single flowers. It begins to flower quite early, and continues late into autumn. Every good attribute of the Rose this variety seems to possess, for the flowers are not only of good colour, but as fragrant as those of *Gloire de Dijon*.

**Peace.**—A very apt name for a beautiful garden flower. This is the name given to a Rose raised, we believe, by Mr. Piper of Uckfield. It is quite a distinct and fragrant flower, with enormous petals, broad, and gently reflexed, which gives the flower a full and broad look; the colour is tender yellow, and this is intensified by a dark-toned leaf.

**Mme. Ravary.**—A Tea Rose of rare beauty; very free, strong, and of a self colour, which is best described as a soft buff, quite a common shade with many Roses, but here the flower is of this alone. For this reason it will be welcome for cutting.

**Mme. Antoine Mari.**—This was shown by Messrs. William Paul and Son of Waltham Cross. It is another lovely French-raised Rose, and one of the most distinct novelties of the year. The flower is somewhat flat in shape, with short firm petals, and the colour is unusual. It reminds one of *Marie van Houtte* in some stages, the colour being white flushed with soft rose, and the outer petals are quite crimson. This shows up against the tender shades of the inner petals and gives the Rose a character no one can mistake. *Mme. Antoine Mari* is a variety we shall never mistake for any other in the garden.

**Billiard and Barre.**—A glorious Rose, which Rose-growers are beginning to hear about. It is little known, although introduced a few years ago, but it never seems to have been shown so frequently as many others. The flowers are golden yellow, produced in profusion, and as it is very strong in growth, indeed, half a climber, it will have many uses in the garden.

**Killarney.**—This Irish Rose is still flowering in the writer's garden, and has seldom been without bloom since early summer. It has been described more than once, but we may mention again that its colour is a clear soft pink.

**Lady Battersea.**—This was raised by Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt, and shown by them for the first time last autumn. We shall make a large group of it this autumn, as we like the cherry colouring of the flowers, and as they have long firm stems they will be welcome for cutting. A Rose with a good long stem is welcome.

**Lady Roberts.**—This is the most beautiful Tea Rose raised for many years. It is a sport from *Anna Olivier*, and the flowers are the colour of a cut apricot.

**Dorothy Perkins.**—A beautiful pink climber. The flowers are sweet, very double, and in large clusters. It is a great addition to the rambling Roses.

**Ben Cant.**—The famous crimson Hybrid Perpetual, recently described.

**Ulrich Brunner.**—This Hybrid Perpetual Rose has earned golden opinions this year, and in several gardens we have visited lately it was as free as any of the Teas or Hybrid Teas. We have a strong affection for the Hybrid Perpetual race, but their great fault is a desire to get all their flowering over in a few weeks. *Ulrich Brunner*, however, gives its big cherry red flowers till the frosts. It is prized as a flower for exhibition, and by those who do not "show" for its beauty in the garden.

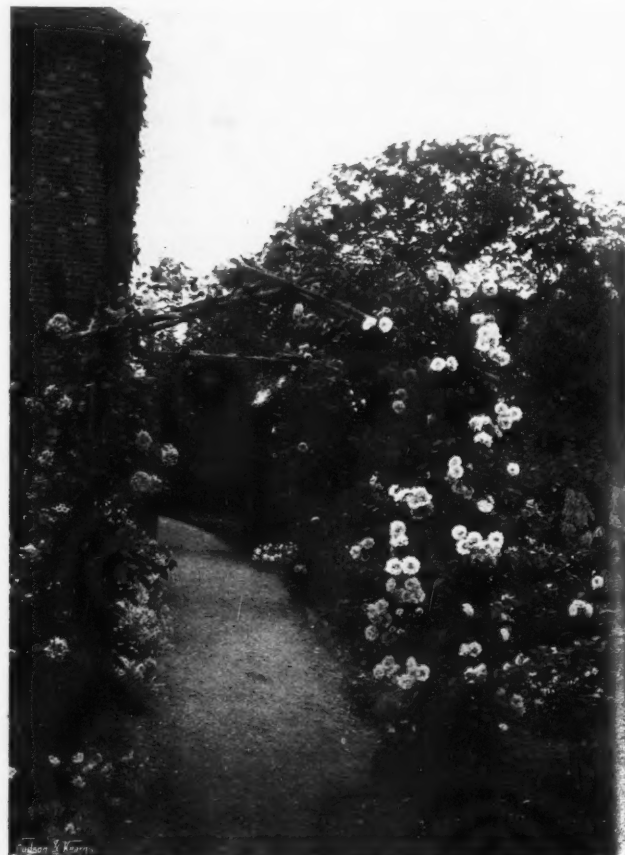
### A SMALL SELECTION OF GOOD ROSES.

As the planting season is near, and orders must be now given to the nurserymen, a selection of the most beautiful Roses in their various classes is given.

**Hybrid Tea.**—*Antoine Rivoire*, flesh and yellow; *Augustine Guinoiseau*, white touched with rose; *Bardou Job*, crimson; *Camoens*, rose and yellow; *Caroline Testout*, pink; *Grace Darling*, cream and rose; *Grüss an Teplitz*, crimson, very sweet; *Gustave Regis*, yellow, climber, very beautiful; *Killarney*; *Mme. Abel Coatenay*, rose and salmon; *Mme. Jules Grolez*, rose and yellow shaded; *Mme. Ravary*; *Marquise de Salisbury*, crimson; *Papa Gontier*, rose-crimson; *Viscountess Folkestone*, cream pink.

**Tea and Noisette.**—*Anna Olivier*, rosy buff; *Catherine Mermet*, rosy; *Corallina*, crimson; *Dr. Grill*, rose, shaded with copper colour; *G. Nabonnand*, one of the most beautiful of all Tea Roses, rose shaded with yellow; *Hon. Edith Gifford*, white, flesh centre; *Mme. Charles*, apricot-yellow; *Mme. Chedane Guinoiseau*, bright yellow; *Mme. de Watteville*, white edged with rose; *Mme. Hoste*, lemon-yellow; *Mme. Lambard*, rose-salmon; *Maman Cochet*, pink; *Marie van Houtte*, yellow with bordering of rose; *Niphetos*, pure white; *Princesse de Sagan*, scarlet-crimson, the brightest of all Tea Roses; *Souvenir de Catherine Guillot*, carmine and orange; *Souvenir d'Elise Vardon*, white, yellowish rose centre; *Souvenir de S. A. Prince*, white; *Souvenir d'un Ami*, salmon-rose; *The Bride*, white; *Goubault* and *White Maman Cochet*, creamy white and blush.

**Climbing Roses.**—*Aglaia*, yellow; *Aimée Vibert*, white; *Alister Stella Gray*, yellow buds, very free; *Belle Lyonnaise*, canary-yellow; *Bouquet d'Or*, yellow, coppery centre; *Carmine Pillar*, rose-carmine, single; *Claire Jacquier*, yellow; climbing *Mrs. W. J. Grant* or climbing *Belle Siebrecht*, as it is known under both names, rose-pink; *Crimson Rambler*; *Duchesse d'Auerstadt*, yellowish; *Fortune's Yellow*, only in a warm, dry place; *Gloire de Dijon*; *L'Idéal*, yellow and coppery red; *Longworth Rambler*, crimson; *Mme. Alfred*



ROSES OVER PERGOLA.



Carrière, white; Papillon, pink and white; Psyche, rose-pink and yellow; Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, red; Rêve d'Or, buff-yellow; Una, buds buff, open flowers white; W. A. Richardson, apricot. These are all true climbers, not half climbers like Killarney and others.

The following climbers belong to the Ayrshire, Boursault, and other groups, and are more or less evergreen: Alice Gray, white with pink edge; Bennett's Seedling, white, small, semi-double; Dundee Rambler, white, edged with pink; Félicité Perpetue, creamy white; Polyantha grandiflora, pure white; Ruga, flesh colour; The Garland, clusters of white flowers. Of course the Penzance Briars must be included.

**Creeping Roses.**—This is a group which has resulted from *R. wichuriana*; they are creeping plants in the truest sense, with polished almost evergreen leaves, hidden almost in late summer with white flowers. No Roses are more useful for clothing rough rock work, grassy banks, or to run up trees than these. We planted a grass bank with this Rose last spring, and in a year or two the strong shoots will have almost covered the grass; it will be quite a snow bank when the plants are in full flower. These are good varieties: Alberic Barbier, which flowers earlier than the type, and has creamy white yellow shaded flowers; Evergreen Gem, yellow and buff, very double, fine bronze-coloured leaves; Gardenia, bright yellow, very sweetly scented; Pink Roamer, rose-pink, single; and wichuriana rubra, orange and red.

**China Roses.**—These are necessary, and give an old-fashioned look to even quite formal places. The common China, so charming to group with Lavender or Rosemary, is also known as the Monthly Rose. Cramoisie Supérieure is brilliant crimson. Few Roses are brighter than this, its colouring is almost painful in its intensity. Fabvier, crimson; Fellenberg, rosy crimson; Mrs. Bosanquet, flesh colour, and such lovely and now well-known hybrids as Laurette Messimy and Mme. Eugene Resal. Laurette Messimy has been grown in hundreds of gardens during recent years.

**Rosa rugosa.**—Of the Japanese Rose, so excellent for hedges or to make bushy groups of, choose Conrad F. Meyer, described above, alba and Blanc double de Courbet, a half-double pure white, very broad and handsome. Avoid the purple tones, which are harsh and unpleasant.

**Single Roses.**—Irish Beauty, white; Irish Glory, silvery pink; Paul's single white, all climbers; Lucida, rose, shining foliage, quite bushy; macrantha, flesh, golden stamens, very beautiful; moschata nivea; Rubrifolia, delicate rose, stems and leaves of a reddish shade; Sinica anemone, pink, very charming, bright green, polished leaves.

**Seven Sisters Rose.**—We are frequently asked about this Rose. The charm, however, of this pretty or rare Rose has led to its being rather loosely used for many of the climbing cluster Roses, but it properly belongs to Rosa Grevillei.

#### A SPLENDID FUCHSIA.

The accompanying illustration shows a noble specimen Fuchsia in a greenhouse, the photograph having been kindly sent by a correspondent. It is twenty years old, and, as the illustration shows, in vigorous health.

#### WINDOW PLANTS ON THE CONTINENT.

An enthusiastic amateur gardener writes: "Plants in pots and tubs are much more grown on the Continent than with us. Here, in an out-of-the-way corner of the little Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, the display of plants is wonderful for an isolated village. A remarkable plant of a single white Oleander, more free-flowering than the common double Rose variety, has been my admiration for days. A little further down the village street some pots of a beautiful Mule Pink, large flowered, of a good deep rose colour, very dwarf growing, and a mass of bloom are very striking. A good garden plant, but I cannot learn its name. The peasants love their flowers and grow them well, but as for names—what does it matter? Stoneware pots and jars stand about on the balustrades and balconies filled with thriving plants of Funkia grandiflora, a grand foliage plant, which later on will give welcome spikes of flowers. Fuchsias of all kinds are in great perfection, notably a form of *F. fulgens*, with long handsome drooping flowers of orange-scarlet, making the fronts of the poor-looking houses gay and bright. The veriest hovel boasts its well-grown Begonias, such kinds as one might expect to see in a good greenhouse. But the houses or their inmates are not so poor as they may seem, even though the cow and the goat live under the same roof—they are substantial property. The soil is fertile, the valley is sheltered, but good garden ground is not to be spared for flowers, so the window-sills do duty, with a stout bar hooked across to keep the pots in place. The single Balsam, introduced some few years since and named Impatiens Sultani, if memory serves, is a great favourite. So also is the Coltsfoot, with yellow spotted leaves—one of the few plants that might be allowed to go out of cultivation without much regret. All kinds of Cactus are in high favour. Just opposite the Mule Pink window stand some capital specimens of the not too well-known Phyllocactus phyllanthoides, which were covered a few days ago with their soft pink flowers, a Cactus not half enough grown, on account of its free blooming and the longer lasting of its pretty flowers. A week or two ago a magnificent plant of a variety of the somewhat rare Epiphyllum russellianum, covered with its scarlet stars in a window filled me with envy. Another evening a fine Echinopsis Eyresi had just opened four grand trumpets as we passed by. How so many good plants manage to exist through the severe winters which prevail in this district is a mystery. There are no small greenhouses such as our artisans have learnt to delight in."

#### THE CHINA ASTER.

It is strange that the parent of the China Asters in gardens is itself becoming more grown than the varieties to which it has given rise. Raisers in the future will be wise to take *Callistephus hortensis* as a standard to attain to in creating new races. We want tall, graceful flowers, not squat, dwarfly balls, which have brought this showy annual into disgrace. We read lately in an

American gardening journal a very good note about this Aster, which seems to be thought much of in the United States. The correspondent to the journal writes: "*Callistephus hortensis* is the botanical name of the well-known China Aster, and since the original type was reintroduced from China a few years ago by Vilmorin-Andrieux and Co. of Paris, it has been grown extensively, both as an ornamental border plant and also for market purposes. Although it is the parent of the florists' Aster, it is a much more vigorous plant. It grows 1ft. to 2ft. high and branches freely into numerous purple-coloured shoots, each of which ends in a beautiful mauve-purple flower-head 2in. to 4in. across with a bright yellow centre. As the stems can be cut 12in. to 24in. in length, and are very stiff and wiry, they are excellent for branching up for market work, and a dozen good flowers make a good-sized bouquet. Not the least valuable recommendation is the fact that the flowers, when cut fresh, will retain their beauty for at least a fortnight in water. The plants are grown exactly in the same way as the florists' Aster." *Callistephus hortensis* is worth making a bed of, its purple long-stemmed flowers being so handsome and distinct.

#### A WORK ON TREES AND SHRUBS.

We are pleased to be able to announce that the "COUNTRY LIFE Library" will receive an important addition, a work about trees and shrubs by Mr. Cook, the editor of the *Garden*. It cannot be urged against this work, which will appear in a few weeks' time, that it travels along a path already well worn, for the subject of trees and shrubs for English gardens, though almost inexhaustible, has never been so fully treated and illustrated as it deserves. The book will show that an honest effort has been made to offer helpful and instructive information to the many who wish to know more of the beauty of trees and shrubs. In writing this book, the labour of spare hours for many months, and the outcome of years of note-taking, the author has been greatly helped by Mr. Bean, the assistant curator of the Royal Gardens, Kew, Miss Jekyll, and many others who have a deep knowledge of the various branches upon which they have especially undertaken to offer advice.



A NOBLE FUCHSIA TWENTY YEARS OLD.

The illustrations will show how a shrub, so often stunted and mutilated by unwise pruning, becomes beautiful and interesting when allowed to develop naturally. The illustrations have their own teaching value in this matter also, and are about 130 in number. It is the wish and hope of the author that the book may do something to make English gardens more beautiful, and that it may win many to see the better ways of planting, and also that it may be the means of bringing forward the many trees and shrubs of rare charm now generally unknown or unheeded. The word "English," of course, stands for the whole British Isles. A few of the subjects treated upon are: Pruning of Trees and Shrubs, Propagation—Evils of Grafting, Want of Variety, Flowering and other Hedges, Conifers, The Garden Orchard, Moving Trees and Shrubs, Care of Old Trees, Autumn Leaf Colours, Shrubs with Showy Fruits, Pines, Pleached Alleys, Weeping Trees, Variegated Trees and Shrubs, Shrubs for Small Gardens, The Hardy Heaths, Bamboos, Shrubs for Rock Garden, Winter Beauty, Shrubby Climbers, Manures, etc. A series of tables is also given, describing all the more important families of trees and shrubs. It will be published at 20, Tavistock Street, and by George Newnes, Limited, Southampton Street, Strand.

#### A GOOD LATE SUMMER-FLOWERING SHRUB.

*Genista ætensis*, a native of the slopes of Mount Etna, Sicily, is one of the most valuable of the Brooms; it is quite hardy near London, and probably so much further north. Yet it is one of the rarest shrubs in spite of its beauty and the fact that it flowers in July and August, a season when even inferior flowering shrubs are not plentiful. It is of a rather gaunt but not inelegant growth, and assumes a tree-like form when old, being often reduced to a single stem at the base. It carries, however, a wide head of thin cord-like arching or pendulous branches, with little or no foliage except when the wood is quite young. The flowers are of a rich golden-yellow colour, and during the series of hot summers we have experienced in recent years have been very abundant. It would indeed be difficult to find a shrub better adapted for hot light soils than this, a fact amply proved by its behaviour at Kew.

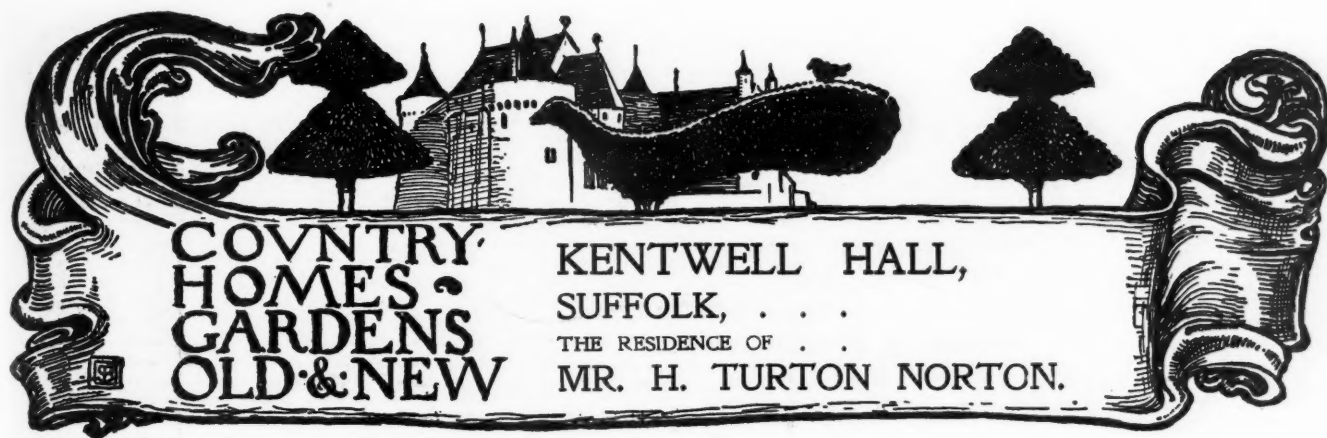


KENTWELL HALL: THE NORTH MOAT.

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**K**ENTWELL HALL, at Long Melford, in Suffolk, is just such a house as we should expect to find in the level land of East Anglia. There are many such antique mansions of red brick, with mullioned windows, buttresses, turrets, and cupolas, in that region, much enriched in their character, and fine types of the old English dwelling-place. Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex have many of them. At Long Melford itself—a village so named, let us say, because it is extended mostly along a single road—are Melford Hall, where the family of Sir William Hyde Parker have long lived, and Melford Place, the ancient seat of the Martins. Within a drive of ten miles are Rushbrook Hall, Hardwick, Coldham Hall, and other houses, all in that beautiful style which in other parts of England would attract more interest even than they do in that district of East Anglia. Kentwell Hall retains far more of its original character than most other Tudor houses, and it has been little altered since it was built, though in 1826 a fire occurred in which the dining-room was burnt and devastation extended through to the garden side. Originally it was one of those places made defensive by art, though built at a time when the need of defence had mostly gone, and its moat remains complete and perfect, access to the house being gained at two points by quaint brick bridges. The approach is through a notable lime avenue, planted by Mr. Thomas Robinson in the year 1678, all the trees in which appear to have been pollarded, and no stranger who comes to Kentwell on a summer's day, when the long avenue, now forming a natural arch of foliage, is flecked with light and shade, can withhold admiration when he emerges to discover the manifold beauties of Kentwell Hall.

For our immediate purpose, looking for the garden attractions of the place, perhaps the chief interest lies in the moat, the fine trees, and the level lawns. The presence of water is always an attraction, and when it is found in an ancient moat it appeals to the imagination as well as to the æsthetic sense, while it recalls the day when the warder would hold parley with the stranger across the water-ditch. Its placid surface has a singular

value in its immediate neighbourhood to the house and the garden, for it imports a patch of sky, as it were, into the foreground, and reflects the picturesque gables and the fine trees and garden things that grow thereby. A moat might doubtless be treated in many ways. It might be margined by a terrace; or it might be bordered by flowery meads; or, again, as at Kentwell, its edges might be grass slopes and picturesque walls



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WESTERN WING AND FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of buttressed brick. This Suffolk moat favours the growth of water-loving plants and trees, and the walls that flank it are delicious in hue and character. The lichens cleave to them, giving them patches of cool and glowing colour, and ivy and climbing plants look over them. The bridges are simple, but beautiful, with their quaint arches doubled by the silver surface. Valuable, therefore, in the garden is the ancient moat. Within it lies a well-kept space of floral beauty, and beyond it are level lawns and radiant beds of flowers. The trees also, without being of great size, are beautiful in form and disposition. Ivy has taken kindly to the structure itself, perhaps even with too tenacious a grasp. But the pictures are a sufficient recognition of the fine garden character that springs from the features alluded to—the ancient moat, the sylvan beauty, and the level lawns that are spread about the place.

We may now turn to the history of this stately Suffolk abode. The Saxon thane who had been in possession before the Conquest gave place to the followers of William, and Sir William de Valence, who doubtless belonged to the family of the great Earls of Pembroke, owned it. He was killed in France in 1296, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. Other possessors followed, and at length, by the marriage of Dame Catherine Mylde with Sir Thomas Clopton, Kentwell came to

a family whose members held it long, and to whom the erection of the present house is due. The Cloptons had been settled in Suffolk long before they acquired Kentwell, and their memorials may be seen in many churches thereabout.

It would appear that during the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses, the family residence was at a place called the Pond Wood, lying about three-quarters of a mile from the present edifice. At a later date a dwelling-house was built upon the present site, of which some part appears to remain in the existing edifice, which dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. It is referred to in a will dated 1560, by Dame Elizabeth Clopton, as "my new mansion house of Kentwell Hall." The descendants of Sir Thomas Clopton continued to live at Kentwell until the death of Sir William of that name, who, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Barnardiston, left a daughter and heiress, Anne, who married the famous

Sir Simonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, whose autobiography gives such a striking picture of his times.

Sir Simonds, who came of a Suffolk family, possessed an ardent enthusiasm for learning, and a veritable passion for research. He began studying the records of the Tower in September, 1623, and from that day onward never ceased to be a devoted student and enquirer in the domains of historical and legal antiquities. He was a friend

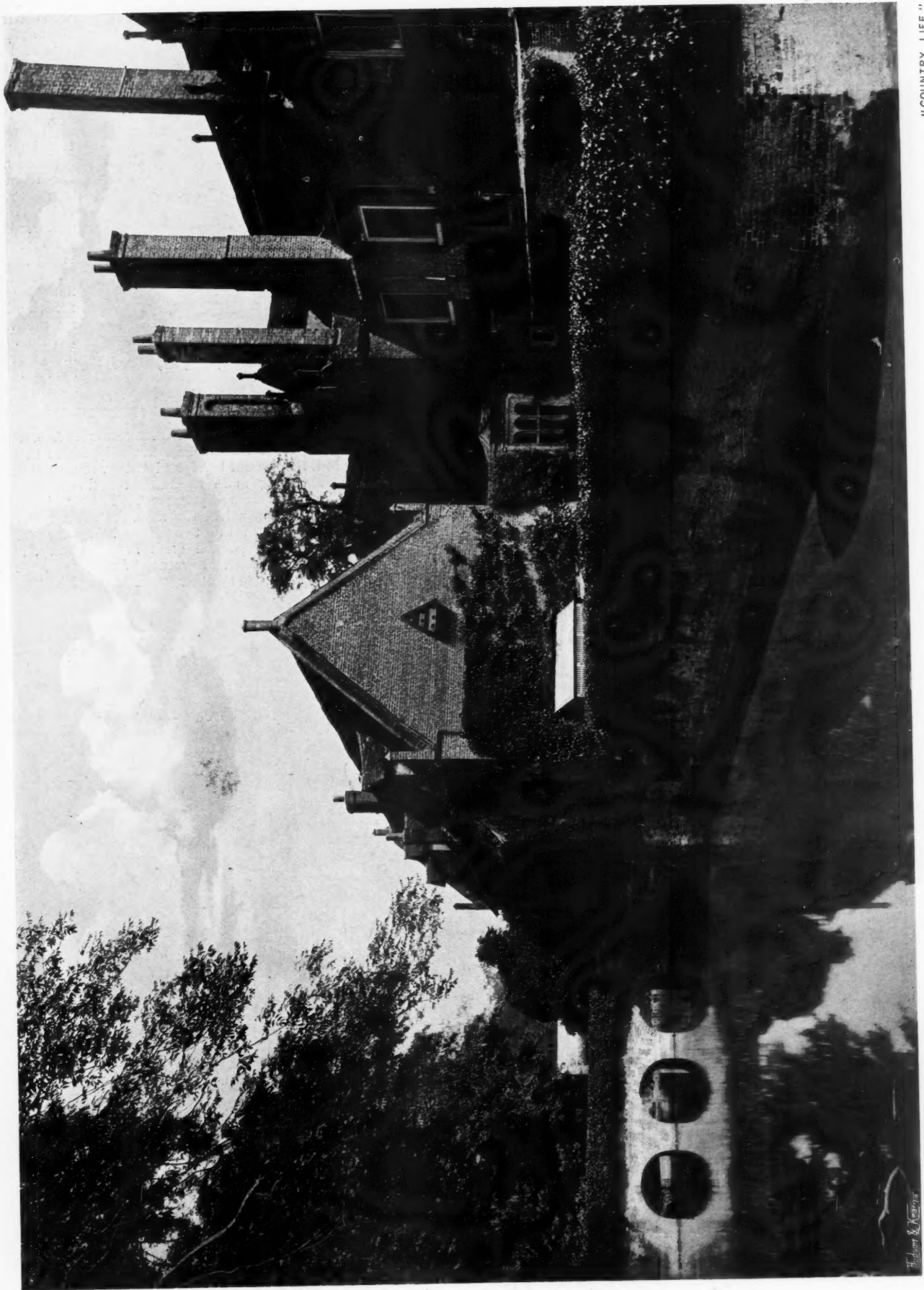


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THE FISH-POND ABOVE THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WESTERN BRIDGE.

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of Sir Robert Cotton, and had a considerable practice at the Bar, which, however, he gave up in 1623, resolved, he says, "to moderate my desires, and to prepare my way to a better life with the greater serenity of mind and reposedness of spirit by avoiding those two dangerous rocks of avarice and ambition." One real and moving cause of his retirement appears to have been a marriage which was arranged with the heiress of Kentwell Hall, and of other

Suffolk estates besides. The lady had in truth a large fortune, and her lands appear to have neighboured those of the antiquary's father. The love letter in which he made his first advances to her is of a somewhat ridiculous character, but he was proud of it, and gives it in his autobiography. The heiress was at that time of the mature age of fourteen, and the marriage took place at Blackfriars Church in October, 1626, in which year D'Ewes was knighted. He always maintained a romantic affection for his wife, and his later years appear to have been lonely. He threw his lot in with the Parliament in the Civil War, and died at his father's house, Stow Langtoft Hall, Suffolk, in 1650. Sir Simonds appears to have made little use of Kentwell, and it



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EAST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

passed with his only surviving child, Cecilia, to Sir Thomas Darcy, Bart., who married her. Subsequently it was sold to Sir John Robinson, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas in the time of Charles II. Early in the eighteenth century it was again sold to John Moor, Esq., and afterwards to Robert Hart Logan, Esq., High Sheriff of the County in 1828, and M.P. for the Western Division. About the year 1838 the estate passed once more by sale

to the family of Starkie Bence, and it is now the property of E. Starkie Bence, Esq., J.P., D.L.

Since its erection, more than three centuries ago, Time, far from detracting from its beauties, has only added thereto, by imparting to it the present lovely and mellow tones and shades of colour, and rendering more venerable the fine trees about it. The general features are well preserved. The plan is that of the letter E, which was usual at the time, the great hall being in the centre, and one of the two wings being devoted to the offices. There is fine painted glass in the library, including the arms of the Cloptons, Howards, Waldegraves, De Veres, Tendrings, Myldes, and other families which have been



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SOUTH-WEST ASPECT.

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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

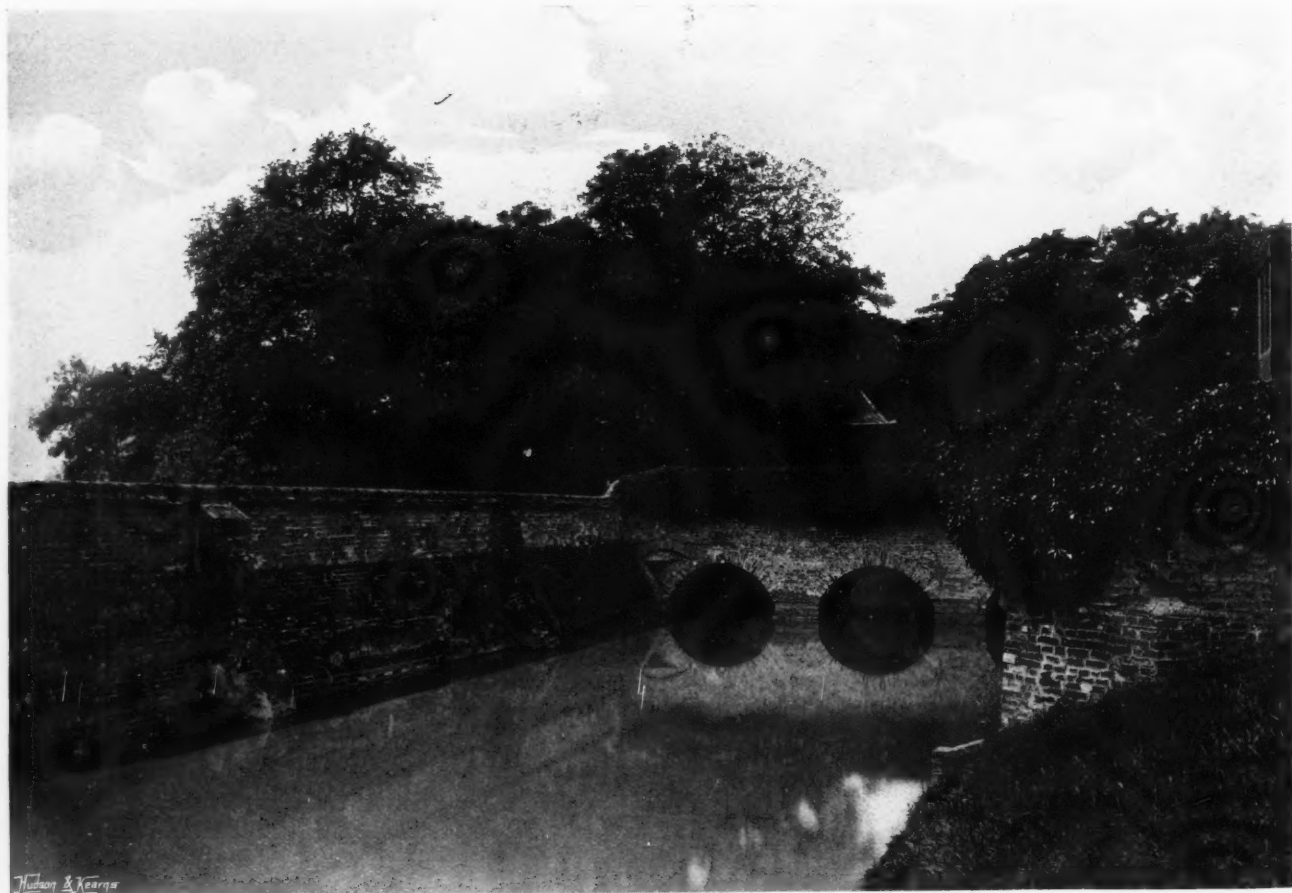
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SOUTH WALL OF MOAT.

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connected with the house. Externally the mansion is almost in as fine a condition as when it was built, and the frontage presents all the peculiarities and beauties of the Elizabethan style. A description of the place in 1676 is of interest. It describes Kentwell as "a very fair brick house, with twelve wainscot rooms, the park stored with above 150 deer, a double dove-house, fish-ponds, and other conveniences, besides timber in the ground and woods considerable." The old timber and "bricknogged" brew-house and offices, the bases of which are washed by the moat, are as picturesque as well could be.

Allusion may be made to the fine church of Long Melford, which is in the park of Kentwell Hall, and is one of the noblest in Suffolk. Let it not be forgotten that East Anglian churches are as celebrated as the houses in that part of England. The existing structure was built largely in 1483, and is of the flintwork commonly found in old Suffolk churches. Its erection was due to Sir John Clopton of Kentwell, with the assistance of his neighbours. He lies buried in the church, which has many monuments. The men carry their armorial bearings on their coats, while the ladies have the arms of their husbands on their cloaks, and those of their own families on their petticoats. Among the effigies are those of four judges of the period, wearing the coif in its original form. The old tower was struck by lightning in the early part of the eighteenth century, but a fine tower of flint, flush work, and Bath stone has replaced the monstrosity that had been erected. Thus dignity is restored to the structure, though the new tower has yet to receive its pinnacle.

Kentwell Hall is in every way a place well worthy of being enshrined in the affections of East Anglians, and of Englishmen at large. It belongs to the period that gave us many of our most precious monuments of architecture. To the same time belong many parts of Hampton Court, and many of the old English colleges. It is a style that has been perpetuated in many modern buildings, and which has the merits of dignity in character and of beauty in detail. Places so constructed should naturally have about them fine and spacious gardens. There is in their neighbourhood ample scope and opportunity for gardening in many styles. In the old times doubtless there would have been walled or well-



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THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

hedged enclosures, with pleached alleys and bowling greens; but the pictures of Kentwell will make it clear that another form may be given to the surroundings of such houses, and certainly the house rises charmingly from its foreground of well-kept grass, moat, and ivied garden walls, and groups admirably with the beautiful trees that are its neighbours. An abundance of flowers adds the final charm, and it is not surprising that those who live there have come to love the old place, the very brickwork, and the weeds and lichens which have clung to it, the swallows twittering round the tiles, the deep rows of the painted glass, and all those things which make Kentwell so fine an example of an old English manor house.

## A RHYMING . SQUIRE.

RHYMELAND is in the centre of Cheshire, and is a vastly pretty district, where black and white churches, fine old family mansions, lovely meres, and unexpected verses which are inscribed in public places abound. Even the sign-posts bear rhymes, and, lest the dear reader should hastily come to the conclusion that the local highway authority had harshly required its surveyor to exercise poetical ability, it must be explained that the verses owe their origin to the late Mr. R. E. Egerton-Warburton, former squire of Arley. The Warburton family is one of the oldest in the county, and owns Arley Hall, a mansion which took nine years to build. It stands in a park of 300 acres in extent.

The late squire was blind, and one of the ways in which he consoled himself was by writing verse. Some of his work, the hunting songs of Cheshire, has become widely known, and deservedly so. But, as already indicated, his versifying extended to the writing of rhymes for sign-posts, well-houses, and inns, as well as for epitaphs for the horses buried in the special cemetery in the Hall grounds.

It is in the villages of Great Budworth and Arley that the rhymes are mostly to be found. As one enters Great Budworth from the direction of Northwich there is to be seen a



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well-house. In this well-house the following verse is inscribed on a granite tablet :

" Blessings in never-ending love  
Are on us poured from heaven above ;  
This running stream, with ceaseless flow,  
Springs from the bounteous earth below ;  
Alike in both His mercy shown—  
May Heaven and Earth their Maker own."

Not many yards away, on the hillside, are two quaint cottages which bear the following lines :

" Take thy calling thankfullie."  
" Love thy neighbour neighborlie."  
" Shun the path to beggarie."

The George and Dragon Inn, Great Budworth, an old hostelry opposite the church, has its rhyme, and, for a public-house, a strange one too. It is in the porch, and not far from the inn sign, which is executed in open iron-work, and shows St. George killing the dragon. The verse runs :

" As St. George, in armed array,  
Did the fiery dragon slay,  
So may'st thou, with might no less,  
Slay that dragon, drunkenness."

This is not the only rhyming public-house sign due to the peculiar amusement of the late blind squire. There is one at Appleton, a neighbouring village, where, for the Thorne Inn, the squire wrote the following epigrammatic sign :

" You may safely when sober sit under the Thorne,  
But if drunk overnight it will prick you next morn."

Arley Park is distant from Great Budworth two miles, and the stranger visiting the locality is astonished to notice that the sign-posts do not curtly inform the traveller that this road or the other is the way "To Lymm," for instance, but

point the direction in rhyme. One, near the village post-office, bears this warning :

" Trespassers this notice heed.  
Onward you may not proceed,  
Unless to Arley Hall you speed."

So towards Arley Hall the visitor "speeds" himself, and in a few yards, where two roads cross, is met by another sign-post pointing across the park. It says :

" No cartway save on sufferance here ;  
For horse and foot the road is clear  
To Lymm, High Leigh, Hoo Green, and Mere."

A third specimen may be given. A post stands on the other side of the park, and it tells to those who are about to enter the fair demesne that :

" This road forbidden is to all,  
Unless they wend their way to call  
At mill, or Green, or Arley Hall."

Mention has been made of the rhyming epitaphs. They are in the cemetery where faithful horses belonging to the family were buried. In a quiet part of the gardens, where a little interesting topiary work is to be seen, a number of flat gravestones, under a high hedge, mark the last resting-places of Squire Warburton's favourite steeds. A quaint wit is displayed in some of the epitaphs. One grave is that of a horse named A. B. C., whose sire, by the way, was X. Y. Z. Says the epitaph :

" I laid his bones beneath the greenwood tree,  
And wept like childhood o'er the A. B. C."

Another epitaph refers to a pet pony named Shadow. It may be given as a last instance :

" In this pony the whim of his mistress was shown  
When Shadow she named him, tho' good flesh and bone ;  
So her carriage, whenever it came to the door,  
Like a coming event, cast its Shadow before.  
Nothing left save the bones which lie under this clay,  
Like all shadows this Shadow has now passed away."

## BARRON'S PARK SHIRE STUD.

WITHIN the last few years the stud of Shire horses kept at Barron's Park, Desford, a few miles out of Leicester, has assumed a very leading position, and is well worthy the attention of those who are interested in the breed.

The owners, Messrs. W. and J. Thompson, with Mr. W. Thompson, jun., as manager, have adopted a well-marked line of their own. It is known that what is called "quality"—that is to say, the appearance imparted by generations of well-considered breeding—has come to weigh rather too much with certain judges. In itself "quality" is far from being objectionable, and any owner, other things being equal, would prefer to see "good quality" mares on his land; but it would be a great misfortune if the desire for quality led to decreased importance being attached to bone and weight. The Shire is a draught horse, and his crowning merit is to be able to shift heavy loads. But unless ceaselessly corrected, it is the tendency of breeders to develop more or less theoretical points. We have seen it in cattle, where till recently it was the custom to judge dairy cows by inspection and not by the milking-pail. The institution of milk and butter tests corrected the mere fancier. In thorough-breds the qualities for which breeding is conducted are practically tested on the race-course. They may not always be ideal, the practice being to sacrifice bone and substance for speed, but that is the fault of those who arrange very short races. Shires are not in the show-yard subjected to any really practical test except that of the vet., and it must be said that his thorough examination tends to weed out the unsound horses, a matter of great moment, especially as regards stallions; but the pulling powers and weights of the animals are only guessed at by judges, who differ greatly in their views. Many of them have a



V. A. Rouch.

MERE DUKE.

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most lively sense of the practical uses for which the Shire is designed, and make their awards accordingly, but others look purely to certain points, and there threaten to spring up several varieties of Shires. Those who go about much among the patrons of the breed often hear such expressions as, "Oh, yes, such-and-such a stallion is a great prize-winner, but he is purely an exhibition animal; I would not use him at the stud"; or, "Such-and-such a mare is a fine show mare, but no good for breeding from." Not only that, but the continuous fattening, getting into condition, and moving about from place to place, tend to ruin the breeding capacities of the animals. Many of the most notable winning mares have never brought up a foal.

This is a long, but not an irrelevant, introduction to the Barron's Park Stud of Shires. Messrs. Thompson are entitled to credit for having returned to the original ideal of a cart-horse. Weight and bone are the leading characteristics that they have tried to develop, and it is a pleasure to look at the



great heavy mares, which almost carry the bone and sinew of stallions. They are kept on a pleasant homely farm in the great hunting county. At Desford Messrs. Thompson own a farm of about 600 acres. They live a few miles away, and the pretty farm-house is tenanted by one of their servants. About 100 Shires of all ages are kept on the farm, and the present year has been one of the most successful in the history of the stud. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other stud has carried home quite so many honours as have been brought to Desford this summer. They include no fewer than thirty first prizes, in addition to five championships and silver and gold medals. Everything is done, too, on strictly business principles, the book-keeping being very minute and careful. A ledger account is devoted to each horse, so that at a glance it is possible to say exactly how much it has cost for purchase or breeding and maintenance, and what it has brought back in the way of prizes, fees, and other earnings. The result goes to show that admirable as Shire horse breeding can be made as a hobby, it is also capable of being developed into a sound and profitable business. Needless to say, in a stud run on these lines attention is not wasted on mere outside appearance. From its look a passing stranger might judge the farm to be kept going purely and simply as the abode of thriving and well-to-do farmers. But when the stable, loose boxes, and so forth are more closely examined, it becomes abundantly evident that no pains are spared to secure the comfort and well-being of the horses. It is not the custom to pamper them, however, and experience shows that the mares fulfil the duties of maternity not worse, but better, for being put to light farm work. Just now the stud is somewhat in excess of the accommodation, and next year the owners propose to hold a sale which will include the whole of this year's prize-winners. In looking at the photographs of the stallions it should not be forgotten that they were taken at the end of a very heavy season, and are not therefore seen to the best advantage. You cannot fairly expect a stud horse to look as well in August as he did in March.

Mere Duke may be taken to illustrate the general character of the stud. He is a bay, foaled in 1893, stands 17h. 2in. in height, and has an abundance of long silky feather. He is by Vulcan of Worsley IX. out of Mere Duchess, by Salisbury, and his progeny at Desford attest to his excellence as a sire. He is kept purely for stud purposes, and consequently has been little shown, but he has seven first prizes to his credit. Eastoft Lad is also kept exclusively for stud purposes. He is a bay-brown, by Lincolnshire Lad II. out of a Samson V. mare, and was foaled in 1891. Not quite so big as Mere Duke, he is nevertheless a wonderfully sound horse, and has had a very heavy season. He was purchased for 950 guineas at Mr. Barr's sale at Nailstone, and is the sire of that well-known prize-winning three year old colt, Desford Lad II.

Unfortunately, at our visit the most celebrated stallion in the stud, Combination, by Stonewall, was not at home, but this is the less to be regretted in so far that his is a familiar figure, known to all who are interested in Shires. Among the younger stock Desford Stonewall II. holds a very distinguished place, to which his gay carriage, free movement, excellent joints and



W. A. Rouch.

BLONDE OF STETCHWORTH IV.

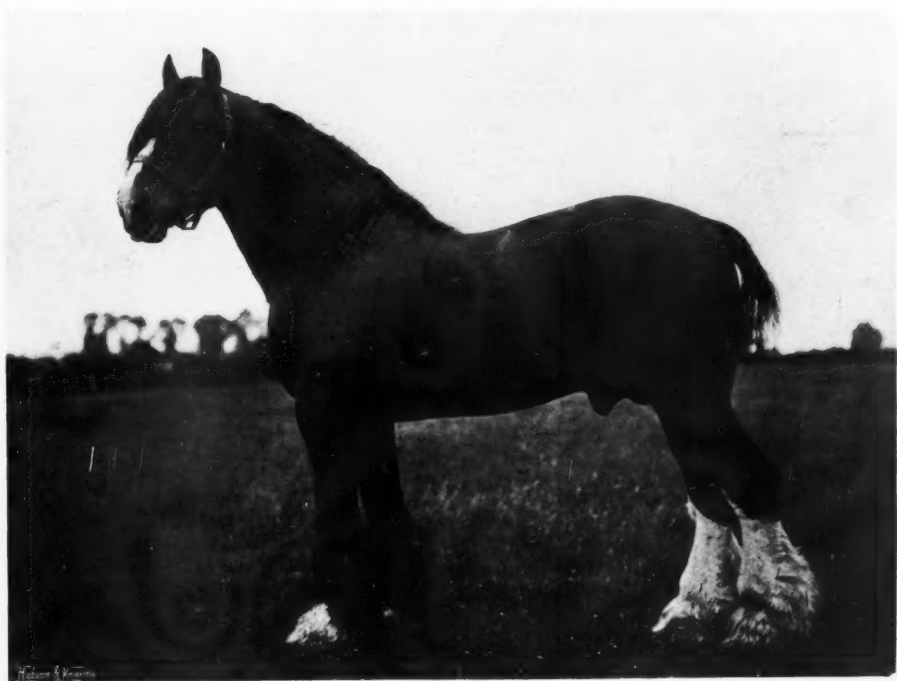
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SAXON FLOWER &amp; FILLY FOAL BY MERE DUKE.

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EASTOFT LAD.

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feather well entitle him. He has had an unbeaten show-yard career at all the principal shows this summer. He has twice beaten the London winner. He is as near as can be perfect in shape, and has immense weight for his age. He is by Stonewall, by Hindlip Champion out of Brown Bonny, by Duncan III. Desford Colin is a two year old colt of moderate size but wonderful promise, very accurate as to feet, joints, and feather. He will take a very great deal of beating next year, for he belongs to the slowly maturing kind. He has been shown little, but has not failed to come off with distinction when called on. He is by Beacon, by Hecla out of Dilver Bell, by Stonewall.

As we have already said, the distinguishing characteristic of these mares is massiveness, and the well-known winner, Worsley Princess VII., who was champion at the Royal Counties, and second at the London Show in February, well illustrates this characteristic. She is by Worsley Prince, by Potentate out of Worsley Alberta, by Albert Edward—a splendid mare, with a splendid record. Saxon Flower, who is shown with her foal by Mere Duke, is a mare who has an unbeaten record for the past summer. Her prizes include no fewer than seven firsts and two championships this year, and in make and substance she is the very ideal of a brood mare. At the Lancashire she was first, and her foal was also first in her class. She is by Marmion, by Harold out of Flower of May, by Chance Shot. Almost an equally good mare is Blonde of Stetchworth IV., by Insurgent, by Ringleader out of Blonde of Stetchworth II., by Draughtsman. She also is a great prize-winner. Last year she was second at the London Shire Horse Show, and first with Worsley Princess as a pair at the Notts Show this year. Last year she was first and champion at the Warwickshire Show.

It requires no more words on our part to show how successfully the Desford Stud has forced its way to the front, and those who have the best interests of Shires at heart will rejoice more freely since here the cart-horse is emphatically bred for its work. The strains used are such as are likely to produce the very best dray horses in the world. And, on the whole, it speaks well for the soundness of the general attitude towards the breed that they have also been able to win so many of the leading prizes.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### A PROBLEM OF SYMPATHY.

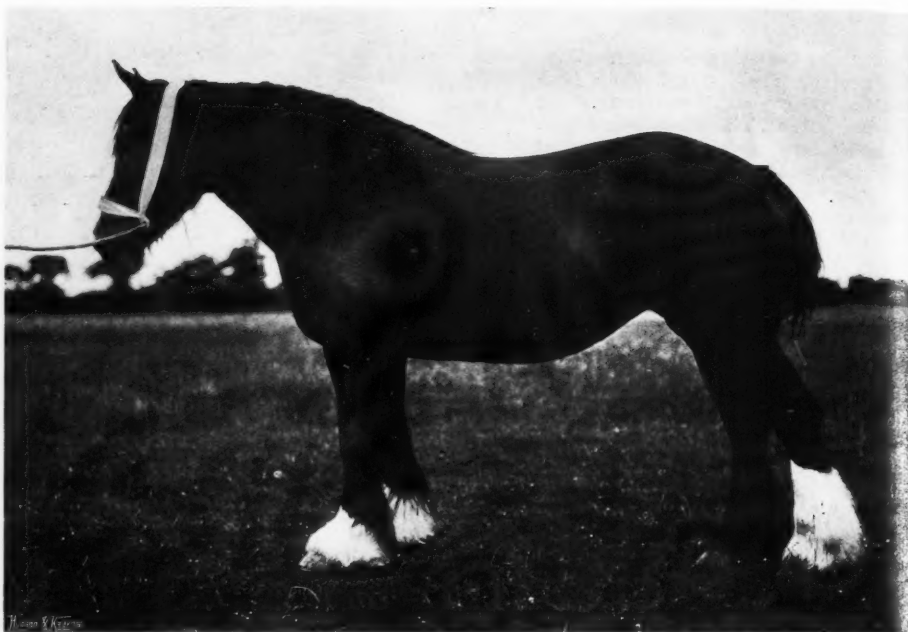
I DID not see, until it was too late for notice last week, Mr. Donald Gunn's letter on "Mothers and Their Young" in *COUNTRY LIFE* of September 27th, with its flattering reference to myself as one who might be able to shed light upon the interesting problem which he discussed. I



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DESFORD COLIN.

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WORSLEY PRINCESS VII.

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fully agree with Mr. Gunn that the excited sympathy sometimes exhibited by female creatures on hearing the distressed cry of the young of totally different species is due to no mistake, but to a general instinct. The cases referred to were those of a moorhen and a farmyard hen, which on separate occasions were distressed and agitated by the squeal of a young rabbit. The cry of a very young moorhen is strangely powerful for so tiny a ball of black fluff to utter, consisting of two notes which are so difficult to locate as to seem almost ventriloquial; but we cannot suppose that the moorhen has come out of the struggle for existence so badly equipped with maternal instinct as not to know the difference between this voice of her own offspring and that of a young rabbit. Rabbits always squeal when seized by a stoat or other beast of prey, and beasts of prey often hunt in couples or parties; so that if the moorhen were in the habit of coming to the rescue whenever it heard a young rabbit squealing, it would sign the warrant for its own extinction. Nature permits no suicidal errors.

### THE YOUNG MOORHEN'S VOICE.

Besides, even if we could suppose the moorhen to be capable of such an egregious mistake, the similar behaviour of the farmyard hen could not be explained in the same way; for the difference between the voice of a chicken and a young rabbit is plain to the most careless listener. Nor can we suppose that there is any special quality in the cry of the young rabbit to command the sympathy of moorhens and poultry. Special characteristics can only be acquired for the good of the species which exhibits them; whereas in this case the sympathy would be exhibited by the moorhen for the good of the rabbit, and there is no means by which the bird could acquire it. The scheme of Nature provides no basis for altruistic virtues.

### THE FOSTERING INSTINCT.

Moreover, the sympathy of creatures, especially female creatures—and of female creatures especially those that have borne young—for the distressed young of others is much too common a feeling to be discussed in terms of moorhen and rabbit. Many kinds of birds and animals will foster the young of others. Thus a robin has been known to take charge of young thrushes, and cats have fostered puppies, chickens, ducklings, squirrels, ferrets, and even rats. But we need not go outside our own species to learn how pathetically the cry of any young thing in distress appeals to the female mind; and the fact that we are generally able to tell, firstly, that the creature which has uttered the cry is young, and, secondly, that it is in distress, leads us to the real answer to the problem.

### "ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

Shakespeare, with that happy power of poets to utter the great truths in sudden phrases, wrote that, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In the hard struggle for existence of everyone for himself, most wild creatures have been forced to narrow their natural sympathies down to members of their own family, especially their own children, though gregarious creatures will rally to the rescue of any member of the class, within reasonable limits. But none of us has quite been able to shake off the old instinct, based upon early relationship, to sympathise with all young things in distress.

### CRIES OF INFANCY AND DISTRESS.

This instinct, being almost the oldest which we possess, dating from the time when the ancestors of all existing animals and birds be onged to the same family or class, must be almost universal, although in those species which have become birds or beasts of prey it must be practically dead at feeding-time. Yet plenty of cases are on record of predaceous creatures fostering the young



of others which they usually prey upon, as in the case of cats which have taken charge of young rats. And in the same way that the fostering instinct is almost universal, so we find that the means which excite it have remained almost the same. It might be difficult to define the character which we recognise in some sound which we at once identify as the voice of "some young thing," or what it is which plainly tells us that a certain cry is uttered by "some creature in distress"; but the fact remains that there is a large range of such sounds which may have nothing else in common save that they appeal to us instantaneously as the cry of youth or suffering. Often we try to describe this characteristic by saying that the creature's voice "sounded quite human"; and this approximates to the true explanation of its sympathy-compelling power from our point of view, because the cry of human young or of human beings in distress retains the same characteristic.

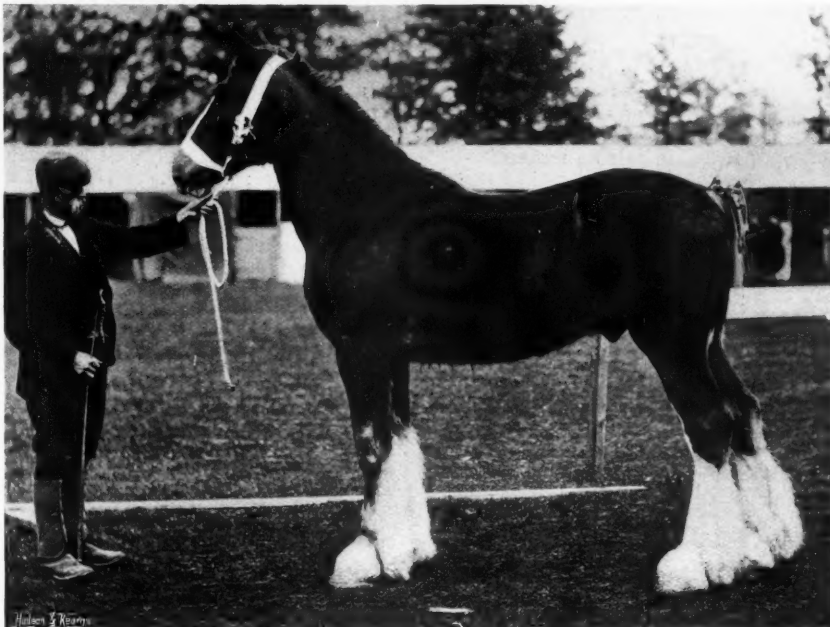
#### A COMMON HERITAGE.

Upon large classes of creatures, which pass all their lives in danger from bills or beaks of prey, Nature has imposed the rule that their young should be silent, and that the cry of distress should only be uttered in the very last resort. On no creature is this rule of safety in silence more binding than upon hares and rabbits; yet their rarely-uttered cry has lost none of its appealing pathos to other ears. To us it always sounds piteous, and even moorhens and poultry may be moved by it, as we have seen. Those creatures, on the other hand, which live in flocks and have weapons of offence and defence—as wolves in their teeth, rooks or starlings in their beaks and claws—have noisy young, and are ready to raise a cry of

distress on the slightest excuse. We may not be familiar with wolves in our own "wild country life," but who that has heard the yelping of a hart puppy, who is the tame nephew of the wolf, has not recognised the pathos and the appeal of it? And is there any sound more clearly expressive of desperate terror, even to human ears, than the screech of a captured or wounded starling? We may think that the cry of wild things in infancy or distress "sounds human," but the real truth is that human beings, like other creatures, especially gregarious creatures, have retained their habit of crying for help both in babyhood and in trouble, and we recognise the family likeness of similar cries uttered by our distant relatives.

#### SEX AND SENTIMENT.

It is natural that these vocal links in the chain which once bound all Nature together should still hold, when others have rusted away, because, with the exception of those creatures which have to be silent for fear of beasts or birds of prey, every species gained a manifest advantage from using a common language in its cries for help. It is natural, too, that females, especially those which have borne offspring, should be more sensitive than males to the cry of infancy in other creatures; because the general rule, and therefore the old rule, of Nature is that the care of the young belongs to the female, while the male's duty is to protect her. Thus it is always the spectacle of "a female in distress" which brings out a man's keenest sympathy, while a woman can think of nothing else when she hears a baby cry—by which I do not mean the mere lusty bellowing which seems almost a pastime of some infants, but the sad cry of real distress. E. K. R.



BARON'S PARK SHIRE STUD: DESFORD STONEWALL II.

## STALKERS AND STALKED.—II.

FROM the way in which some of the shooters of big game—of the Asiatic sheep and the rest of those shy and elusive things—speak of shooting the red-deer stag in Scotland, it is certain that they must have a very exaggerated notion of the ease of this operation. Of course it is to be admitted that Scotch stalking is, in some conditions, very much what you choose to make it. The conditions may vary immensely—from the conditions prevailing in a forest that is taken by a yearly tenant, to the conditions in a forest that is shot over by the owner or by a tenant with a long lease. The former class, those that take a forest for the year only, and often a different forest each year, are a rather badly reviled class. It is said of them that they shoot the best heads in the forest, and do not care for the rest; that they do not trouble themselves about the future stock, and so on. To this it may be said: "Very true; and why should they?" But it is also to be said: "Is not this the way in which most people in Scotland treat their forests?" And in any case the owner generally gets all that he can out of these tenants during their year, and gives as little as he can in return, so that in the end a balance is struck. But apart from these considerations, it is obvious that the yearly tenant's position with regard to the deer is different from that of an owner. The latter can, if he pleases, establish a sanctuary for his deer; he will do his best for them by feeding them in winter; he will take care that sheep are rigorously excluded from his forest. The yearly tenant is able to see to none of these things. It is very probable that the owner will not give winter feed in a forest he is letting. It is more than likely that he will not be very particular about the soundness of a sheep fence. It is practically certain that he will not establish a sanctuary in a forest he is going to let. And the difference between these extremes means that whereas an owner can make, if he pleases, the stalking of a red-deer stag as easy a thing as any Asiatic big-game shooter may fancy it, it is not possible for a yearly tenant to make the stalking any easier than the forest and the landlord make it for him. Between the two extreme conditions there are infinite gradations.

An eight-mile ride on pony-back to the shepherd's house is no great matter, though the paces of a hill pony are not the smoothest, nor a deer-saddle the most comfortable of horse furniture to sit on. Arrived at the place of meeting, the stalker

is looking gravely dubious, or dubiously grave. "The mist is over low on the hill," he says. We could spy nothing under present conditions. Nevertheless let us walk on "a bittie"—that means a long mile—to where we can spy the big corrie if the mist lifts at all. There we can sit down and wait to see what it means to do.

The time spent in sitting and waiting is not all lost in idleness. The wet mist, like ever-moving cotton-wool, comes up unceasingly from the West and shrouds the head of the hills. Down below, where we sit, it is quite clear. But the way in which the big corrie seems to gather the eddying wool together and sweep it up into its funnel-like mouth is an object-lesson in itself on the way the wind winds about in these corries, to the confusion of the unskilful or the incautious stalker. It is not only that the mist, as it comes along the hillside and reaches the corrie, is gathered into it, but also that even some of the mist that strikes the hill on what is really—that is to say, according to the general trend of the wind—on the leeward side of the corrie's mouth, is brought back into it, by the influence, no doubt, of the in-setting current. Thus it goes on perpetually until one wonders from what cauldron this endless supply of white fog comes stealing up, and by that time it is possible to make an early luncheon. "If the mist does na' clear by twelve or thereabout, it is not very often that it will lift for the day," the stalker says; "at least," he adds, with national caution, "to do us any good." Luncheon, however, has a good effect on the weather. A breeze of wind springs up and tears rents in the mists on the windward hill. This is the best of signs, and soon after the pipe of post-prandial comfort is lighted, the stalker says that he thinks things look better and we may make a move upward. The betterment continues, along with the upward move, until the tops of the hills are really clear, and the stalker commits himself to a dictum more decided than you often will get from one of his kind, that "the mist will na' trouble us any more the day."

The big corrie that gave us the lesson in wind currents has all been spied, and found wanting in shootable stags, by this time. There are just two small beasts on the edge of it, and that is all. The first point for us now to make for is a certain saddle-back from which we can spy the surface of a nearly perpendicular hill which the stalker and the gillies call, with

much unconscious humour, "the flat." Flat it is, in the sense that the wall of a house is flat, only it is a flat set up on end—that is all the difference between their use and the commonly accepted one of the word. On this flat, such as it is, there are seen to be, when we come to the edge of the saddle-back, "one or two nice stags." This is the stalker's phrase, and, taking his prudence into consideration, it seems to promise much. But how to get at them is the point. The wind is blowing right up from them over the top of the flat—we might be in Ireland by the confusion of the terms—therefore the only thing is to go up round the top and come down on them from above. But even this operation is complicated by the presence of the "two small beasts" on the edge of the big corrie. To avoid giving them our wind it becomes necessary to go back, not a very long way above our starting-point, and work up the march burn, that runs through the centre of the big corrie, and so come round to the top of the flat. Now this top is 2,000ft. high, the place where we lunched is only an inconsiderable matter of 100ft. or so above sea level; a good deal of the ascent has to be made up the channel—by no means a dry channel—of the burn, so that altogether this little matter of "going round by the top and coming down on them" is not accomplished without some ache of the muscles and some loss of unnecessary adipose deposit. Still, in time it is done. We feel the keen wind blowing over the tops and meeting us. It remains to steal forward and see where the nice stags are by now, and to contrive means for outwitting them. Well, they are there still; but the flat has some of the qualities implied by its name. There is mighty little shelter on it. There is but one thing to do, and that is to slide down, serpent-wise, on the



A BELLING STAG.

face of the flat and on the back of your own person, and hope for the best, that they may take no notice. All this is done with a success that scarcely is believable. It is extraordinary how the deer fail to see us in that tobogganing—without the toboggan—descent; and now we almost are within range, when there is a sudden uplifting of heads, a walk to and fro of the stags, then a trot downwards with occasional stop to look upwards, though not at us; then, following the line of their glances, the cause becomes obvious—two sheep, truants on the forest, have caught our wind (as sheep on a forest will, though they take no notice of the scent of a man on a sheep farm), and have rushed up to an eminence to stand at gaze, and so have alarmed the deer. Well, of course it is no use to swear, but if it was, there would be no trouble about doing it.

So now those deer are gone. The stalker follows them with his glass to the corrie on the opposite side of the saddle-back, where, as he says, the wind will be "awful bad for them." Still, after them we must go, and now it comes to a matter of getting down the so-called flat; a matter that the stalker does as easily as a fly goes on a house wall, but that most of us, unused to mountains, have to face with a strong will lest giddiness come on, and we make a false step of which the consequences will be several—amongst them, death. However, the bottom of the flat is reached, the saddle-back crossed, and again we are ascending to the level at which the deer are on the opposite hill. It is a steep hill, but nothing like as precipitous as that we have left—as yet. "If they will keep where they are," says the stalker, "the wind be all right for them, but if they get up among the rocks it will be curling"; and from the way he says it it is evident that his conviction is that they mean to get up among

the rocks and the curlings. He is right. We work gradually up to the deer, but they, too, work gradually, though more slowly, upwards. They are now among the dreaded rocks, where the wind curls. Still we are keeping touch with them, and they have no suspicion of us. All may be well. We even get almost within range, but there are hinds that prevent our getting closer, or quite on terms with our stag. We have to wait awhile, in the earnest hope that it may please the hinds to go forward first and move on, so as to allow us to follow them and come into range of the stag. But that consummation does not happen. All the beasts continue their upward movement together, and now it is our hope that they may go on and over the ridge, when we may again follow, in the hope of coming down within shot of them. It is very cold, and as we wait the wind chills through our pores that were widely opened by the stress of work on "the flat," and elsewhere. But at last, as teeth are beginning to chatter and limbs to shiver in a manner that would make a steady shot impossible, the last of the beasts tops the ridge; even the rear-guard hind, that so often remains after all the rest, has gone. The corrie is clear, and we may work up again with joints that move stiffly enough at first, but soon more easily as the warmth comes back to them. This ridge is not so elevated as the top of "the flat"—somewhere between 1,000ft. and 2,000ft. merely—but it is high enough; and again we are warm by the time it is reached. Now we ought to be really very near our stags, for we have followed them closely. Already, however, there has been some threatening reappearance of the mist, and as we get to the heights themselves, even at that moment, it comes thickly on, draping everything and making 50yds. the utmost limit of the human gaze. Over the far edge

of the ridge we look, but look vainly—nothing is to be seen. Moving on with the greatest caution, and looking on every side through the dense atmosphere, suddenly the stalker perceives the hinds passing below. Then we steal back, and make a hurried detour to cut off the deer at the spot for which they appear to be making. There again there is pause and doubt, in the dense mist. Suddenly the stalker spies a stag, now close below us. Already the rifle is loaded, and now we have to slide down again serpent-like through long grass drenchingly wet. A river could not wet one more. We reach a grey boulder and peer out by its side. We see the head of a hind, for a moment, dimly, through the mist—then it is gone. That is all. A little more wandering and peering through the mist—but all vainly and almost aimlessly. Unhappily the vision of deer, not much quicker than that of a man in a good light, is infinitely better in mist or a bad light, and in a mist they are very suspicious. Without a doubt they have seen us. So that is the end, the end save for a dreary walk and climb down, in gratitude for the stalker's

intimate knowledge of the hill, for we never should find our own road, and so we come to levels to which the mist has not yet fallen, and in due course, clattering through the dark, are brought home by the pony to a long overdue dinner.

This, be it observed, is a sketch of a day on the hill that has none of the embellishments of fiction. Stories of "How McJones killed the Muckle Stag of Ben Nowhere" have been told in plenty, often with truth, and have made capital reading; but is it not well now and again to give the obverse of a picture that is at least as double-faced as Janus, so that the slayer of the sheep of Asia may not think too great scorn of his poor cousin at home, who stalks, often in vain, the humbler red deer of Scotland?

## SHOOTING NOTES.

### THE DANGERS OF COVERT SHOOTING.

A CONTEMPORARY says, not without reason, that pheasant shooting, once enjoyed only by what were called the upper ten thousand, is now the most popular sport with the gun, owing to the facilities for breeding and the multiplication of pheasant farms. Certain it is that every year more men are shooting pheasants, men who twenty years ago would never have thought of doing much more than take a few weeks' partridge shooting, and others who have shot partridges regularly all their lives find themselves either rearing pheasants or guests at covert shoots much more frequently than before. The result is that a large percentage of the guns are either beginners at covert shooting or have not been brought up



to it. They have much less of the instinctive carefulness which they show when partridge shooting, are not observers of the mechanical rules of which a longer apprenticeship to the dangers of covert shooting teaches the absolute necessity, and they do not realise that when inside a big wood you are surrounded by screens of trees and underwood, which, while rendering the other guns and beaters invisible, are, unfortunately, not shotproof. Covert shooting, where birds or ground game or both are coming thick and fast, is also intensely exciting. Men lose their sense of everything but the bird or hare they are shooting at sooner than they are aware. This is especially so with the new hands. In almost every case the person shot was, at the moment the gun was fired, invisible to the shooter. Yet there is scarcely one which is not due to carelessness, and the desire to shoot the game without considering the other guns or beaters. It seems temporary insanity in some instances; but it is of a culpable kind. If the shooter had always observed rules and kept his excitement in control such accidents would very rarely occur.

Remembering that for one accident there are five or six scares, and that nearly everyone carries somewhere in his shooting conscience a sickening recollection of the man he did not shoot, but thought he had shot, and knows that it was not by any merit that he failed to shoot him, it is certain that there is nothing like the appreciation of the danger in covert shooting, or the care and precaution when enjoying it, which there ought to be.

Men who shoot much alone—often very good sportsmen and excellent after snipe or duck—when enjoying single-handed days after partridges, often seem quite unable to realise that there are twenty or more people in and round the square of wood which is being beaten.

In partridge shooting, except when driving, most "accidents" are inflicted on people not shooting—people in the road, harvesters, people looking on, and people behind fences. In covert shooting the other guns or the beaters are hit, the guns more frequently than the beaters, for the latter make a noise and move. Breaking rules account for most of these. Ground game complicates matters, and wild excitement on the part of certain shooters makes up the rest of this serious drawback to covert shooting.

The first rule for safe shooting in covert runs thus: "Never fire at a low-flying pheasant in covert." This rule is inexorable. Pheasants will fly low, and sometimes offer shots quite as difficult and tempting as the high ones, especially when a bird comes at high speed, with practically motionless wings, gliding downwards through the trees, having been flushed at a distance. It ought to be all right, for the bird may be crossing and the next guns are parallel and in line with the shooter. But one—breaking rules again—has gone into the beat twenty yards to pick up a wounded rabbit which he thinks is going to wriggle into a hole. He gets part of the charge in his head and neck, is badly hurt, and has to be helped out of the wood, and a ghastly pause follows while a cart is being fetched and the sufferer is sent off, to remain perhaps a fortnight as an involuntary guest at the house.

Rule No. 2 is "never shoot straight down a ride," to which ought to be added "never shoot on to the ride at all," were it not that ground game is generally killed in that way. Unless a ride is a very wide one, shooting into it at an angle has always an element of risk. Shots constantly ricochet from stones and stumps, and being fired at close quarters are certain to penetrate deep if they hit a shooter. A case occurred last season in which a shot ricocheted from a piece of wire netting lying on the side of a ride behind the guns and hit one of them in the head. Though some readers may not agree, it is open to argument whether ground game should be shot as it comes up, in front of the guns, while the beaters are at a distance, and for a signal to be made, as is sometimes done, for all ground game shooting to cease when they have done half the beat. But even then there is a great element of risk if the beats in a large wood are narrow. There will be a gun round each corner, as well as two coming down with the beaters. If one of them shoots into the square at a rabbit coming at him he may possibly hit the gun in the opposite ride, the shots carrying on and not being all stopped by the underwood. The gun "round the corner" is generally the one to shoot or be shot. Where ground game is to be killed it is most emphatically dangerous even to place one in this position. We may therefore add a sub-rule—"no gun round the corner when ground game is shot." The main rule, "never shoot straight down a ride," seems too obvious to need repeating. Yet it is constantly broken, generally by guns going forward who are under the impression that because they have left the rest of the party behind, as well as the beaters, there can be no one in their part of the wood. This is a mistake. People are always attracted to a covert shoot, and privileged persons have a way of casting up anywhere.

A rather well-known authority on shooting admitted that he once, and once only, broke this rule, and instantly found that he had hit a man. He was sent 200yds. forward up a ride, when he saw a woodcock turn into it and flick down it. He fired, and at that instant was aware of the form of a keeper emerging from

a cross ride. The shots did not penetrate, but the keeper might easily have lost an eye. The man was the keeper on the next property, and had no business there. But that would not have condoned the accident so caused.

Rule 3: "Always learn where every gun within shot of you is standing" is sometimes broken from politeness or dislike to shouting or reiterating enquiries. But it is far better to irritate a man by asking "Where are you?" sometimes unnecessarily than by hitting him with part of a charge of shot. "Never traverse the gun across the line" is rule No. 4. It is equally applicable to all shooting; but beginners at covert shooting are peculiarly liable to do this at rabbits crossing a ride. This is a ghastly, blood-curdling, unthinkable thing to do; yet a new hand, thoroughly excited, who has missed a good many rabbits crossing, and thinks he can do better by getting on to them as they enter the ride and pulling when they are across, may be seen doing it.

#### DUCK-SHOOTING CLUBS FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE is just a chance that something might be done to obtain a novel sport in these islands if clubs were formed solely with a view to obtaining lengths of river and preserving wild duck on them. The tidal waters are, by our law, outside the scope of any preservation, for anyone can shoot on the tideway, so long as it is not in the close season. Almost all the other parts of our rivers, except those which run through great estates, are practically wasted as duck ground. It is true that in parts of Norfolk, where three or four well-preserved properties join, wild duck may be seen on the rivers at all hours, and anywhere. But as a rule they are too much disturbed ever to remain on rivers at all. They take refuge in private lakes and on reservoirs miles away rather than do so. Consequently as sporting ground, unless there are marshes near them, our inland rivers are useless. As a rule no one ever thinks of going down to them when shooting. They are sporting derelicts.

Here is a possible—we only say a possible—chance for the duck-shooting club to appear on the scene. They might say to riparian owners on both banks, "Your shooting rights on the river are valueless as things are, but we are prepared to make an offer of so much per mile of river frontage on both banks, if you will make over to us the sole right of killing wild ducks upon the river, and of shooting them and not game on a space of not more than 40yds. from the bank inland." By the Game Act of 1831 the wild ducks lost the protection as a form of game given them by earlier statutes. But an owner or occupier can part with the sole right to kill wildfowl as well as game, so that the club could legally acquire it. By preserving and doing some breeding and artificial feeding along a length of ten miles of river, it should be possible to get up a large head of indigenous wild ducks. These would, in turn, attract others, and as when disturbed they always fly up or down the stream, the members of the club ought to be able to reckon on good shooting on the days fixed for a battue.

#### THE NEW SERVICE RIFLE.—PRIVACY OR PUBLICITY—A CONTRAST.

One of the best authorities on guns and rifles in England writes to draw attention to the foolish hole-and-corner way in which the public employees lumped together (the phrase used of the War Office) deal with the great national question of the rearming of our troops. It is contained in one of the columns of a technical journal, the *Sporting Goods Review*. The facts speak for themselves. By a coincidence England and the United States are both rearming their infantry. America invites trial of the weapon at the United States "Bisley" by all classes of riflemen. The English War Office gives a curt refusal to let anyone try the new rifle at all. "When once the rifle is being manufactured on a large scale at the factories, the time for criticism is past; it can do no good. But before it is sanctioned for manufacture one would think that the opinions and trials of independent persons at Bisley would be just the kind of help wanted." Here are two cuttings from two leading sporting papers on either side of the Atlantic, showing the different way in which things are done:

"SIR,—The modified Lee-Enfield, which will be the new service rifle, has already been issued to some of the troops to experiment with and report upon. The chief characteristics of the new weapon are its shortness of barrel, being practically a carbine, a modification in the rifling, easing of the bore towards the muzzle, and improved sights. The National Rifle Association was anxious to have specimens of the new rifle for examination by the picked shots from all parts of the kingdom and Colonies now present at Bisley, but its application to the War Department was met with a curt refusal, on the grounds that the weapon was still in the experimental stage. This is the good old British War Department policy. To the ordinary individual it would appear that the criticisms of practical shooting men from all parts of the world would be preferable when the weapon is in its experimental stage rather than when it is finally adopted."—RIFLEMAN in the Field, London, July 19th, 1902.

"A number of U.S. Springfield magazine rifles are completed, and it is understood that some of them will be sent to Sea Girt during the forthcoming meeting in charge of U.S. ordnance officers, that the Volunteer riflemen participating in the meeting may inspect them and the experts may shoot them. This is a compliment to the National Rifle Association and the Volunteers who visit the Sea Girt meeting, which will doubtless be appreciated. It is particularly pleasing to see the barrier between the Army and the Volunteers, which so long existed, being removed. This will be of incalculable benefit to both. The nearer the Volunteers get to the Army, the better it will be for that force; the more the latter recognises the skill and intelligence of the former in rifle-shooting, the better for the Army and the country in general."—*Shooting and Fishing*, New York, August 7th, 1902.

"The National Rifle Association of America has for a number of years practically ceased to exist, and has only been revived a very short time, although it is now displaying abundant vitality, of which fact the American War Department is prepared to take full advantage. In this country the National Rifle Association has been continually in evidence since 1860, but the opinions of the expert shots at Bisley are evidently not regarded as worthy of any consideration in the selection of a British service rifle."

## PARTRIDGE SHOOTING ABANDONED.

It was generally hoped that when all the corn was cut, and what partridges there were had settled down in the roots and were easily found, better sport would be had than the wretched results of September. Birds do often turn up from unexpected places towards October, and good shooting may be had in the then well-grown and thick turnips in estates where walking partridges is usual. It is a vain hope this year. Splendid pieces of roots which had not been shot since the first days of September were beaten a month later without yielding a covey more than they did then. It was common form to find more pheasants than partridges in these fields. The bag made in one day's shooting, details of which we have received, contained old birds in the proportion of seven to one young one. Another correspondent mentions that in twenty-four acres of turnips on a good manor one young bird was seen, a small squeaker, which a beater, dazzled by the unwonted sight of something other than pairs of old ones, eagerly marked down, and, avowing his belief that it was "a very toler'ble bird," begged that it might be put up and shot on the spot. On most properties, except those which either had exceptional luck or retained a very large stock from last year, partridge shooting is abandoned for the year. The best ground seems to have suffered equally with the worst, and the area of failure is even larger than was anticipated. From Rutland in the Midlands to North Yorkshire we hear the same report with small variations, that from the Belvoir district being that partridges of the first hatch mostly perished, though there are some fair coveys of late birds.

The following letter from Bolton Hall, in that charming district described by the late Canon Atkinson in "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," is almost an echo of what has been common form in the South: "You may like to add to your shooting notes a brief report from the district, which is, I am sorry to say, no less unfavourable than those which have come in from elsewhere. This is a shooting of about 800 acres of partridge ground, all lying compactly at the head of a Yorkshire dale, with heather around it. Last year we got 94 brace of partridges, of which 74 brace had been killed by October 1st. Up to the same date this year our bag amounts to only 11½ brace. This is partly due to the fact that whereas last year all the corn was cut by about September 1st, this year some fields are still standing. But apart from this the coveys are fewer and smaller, and the birds extraordinarily wild and hard to find. I doubt if we shall kill 20 brace, and in view of stock it would be unwise to shoot more. As far as I can learn, much the same story can be told throughout this district."

## NETTING RABBITS.

Now is the time when rabbit poaching on a great scale is rife. The young ones are nearly all full grown, but as the coverts have not been shot they are very tame. Hundreds come out to feed round the woods nightly, the greater part unsuspecting juveniles just coming of age. They ought to be chased in by a dog every night, but even then if the poachers can get a few hours to themselves they make a clean sweep of the majority. The plan is a simple one. Long lengths of netting are set up along the side of the wood, and the rabbits are then chased into them. Apparently they are almost indifferent to people moving about between them and the covert at night, otherwise we should expect them to bolt back while the nets were being set. But in many places, especially on the Downs, they go very considerable distances, up to as much as a quarter of a mile from the coverts, to feed and play.

An instance given by a correspondent of this upsetting form of poaching took place in a large isolated wood full of rabbits. The netting was made very easy, for all along the top of the wood inside, with about 6yds. deep of coppice between it and the hedge, ran a ride. The poachers set their net all along this ride, with a perfect screen between them and the rabbits, and bagged a great number, as they were known to have offered a hundred to one dealer.

## THE POLICE AND THE POACHING PREVENTIVE ACT.

The most annoying thing about all this was that the police in the town about four miles off knew perfectly well what was going to happen. They knew that a gang with long nets was down staying at a public-house. Instead of telling their chief, and the chief getting the Poaching Preventive Act put in force, they merely mentioned it to one or two keepers as an interesting item of news. The Chief Constable of the county was a gentleman of over eighty years of age, it may be remarked, and the constabulary were about as prehistoric in their methods as might have been expected. The result was that the neighbouring coverts were well robbed, and the poached rabbits disposed of without let or hindrance.

## THE SEQUEL.

Fortunately the lessee was expecting two of the local magistrates to shoot the wood the following week. With deep regret he wrote to put them off, as rabbits were the backbone of that wood's shooting, mentioning at the same time his grievance, and his sincere conviction that Blankshire was about the worst policed county in England, a distinction which it has not as yet forfeited. The result was that these gentlemen got the Poaching Preventive Act put in force at once. But it was too late. There was some satisfaction in having the constables out at night on the roads near the wood catching colds among the depleted rabbits. But no poachers were caught, because they had had all the cream of the poaching.

## THE USES OF THE ACT.

The nature of the Act is that a constable may stop any person on a high road whom he reasonably suspects of having poached game and search him. In this way carts taking rabbits to the receivers are easily stopped, and it is five to one that the nets are also found on them. A sweep's cart, stopped in the Midlands last season, held some 200yds. of netting and 100 poached rabbits. But the con-table may not stop a person elsewhere than on the highway.

## IRISH GROUSE SHOOTING.

If anyone doubts that Ireland might become a very fair grouse country he might convince himself of the contrary by obtaining statistics as to the improvement of the moors on the Wicklow mountains. These mountains are close to Dublin, and have a large area of wild, high ground, heather, and what is called in Caithness "flow," on their backs and sides. The first to improve these moors was the present Lord Powerscourt, who owns some of the best ground there. When he came into the estate the grouse shooting, even there, was very poor. Twenty brace was considered quite an average day at the opening of the season. By substituting driving for walking, and paying attention to the moors, the average bag at the opening improved from 20 brace to 100 brace, or 500 per cent. Neighbouring lessees followed this example, and soon the standard of the shooting was raised all round. The owners also raised the rents extensively in some cases when the leases fell in, without granting any compensation for improvements to the tenants. It is not often that a shooting tenant leases a sporting property permanently improved, but it was the case on some of these moors.

That excellent body the Irish Game Association receives less encouragement from Irish M.P.'s than it ought to. They do their best to make the farmers and tenants understand what a boon sport might be, in the way of bringing visitors, if only they would preserve their land. But as an Irish M.P. once told the writer, "politics" are everything; and while the political game goes on most other game disappears. However, when things are at their worst they mend. In certain disturbed districts guns are practically forbidden to the indigenous sportsmen, who have a difficulty in obtaining licences to carry them. In these spots there is a marked increase of snipe and wildfowl this season.

THE BODLEIAN . . .  
TERCENTENARY.

OXFORD was at its very best this week for the tercentenary of the Bodleian Library. On her trees the foliage has just begun to wither and develop the fading yellow charms that so well suit the poetic atmosphere and mouldering buildings of the city. And the celebration of a library's three hundredth year is very



H. W. Taunt. THE OLD PART OF DUKE HUMPHREY'S LIBRARY.

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appropriate, is the most appropriate function imaginable, to "the home of lost causes." Most of our readers are probably familiar with the history of Sir Thomas Bodley and the library. It is curious to think that to it Lord Bacon sent his "Advancement of Learning" as a new book, and of the authors and volumes that have since been connected with it. Of the collections of books, of the rare treasures in the way of manuscripts, of the vast service the place has been to generations of literary men, it would just now be superfluous to speak. The library, far from showing signs of decay with age, annually grows more useful and enlarges its scope. Our photograph of the old part of Duke Humphrey's library, on the ruins of which the present edifice arose, is well calculated to suggest its growth. In the old days Oxford was not very careful of her treasures, since we read that the books and shelves were on occasion sold to raise the wind. But all that has been altered now. The thousands of books, the thousands of MSS., worth many times more than their weight in gold, are treasured as they deserve to be. They attract scholars and students, too, from the most remote corners of the earth, so that among scholarly men the Bodleian is as familiar as a household word.



## AT THE . . . PLOUGHING MATCH.

**T**HAT ploughing is an art few believe except those who have tried it, but to drive a perfectly straight furrow is an accomplishment that the rustic is with reason proud of. It is a task for days when stacks are covered and trees are turning yellow. And this year the work is going on very pleasantly, since the land is so dry and workable. The conditions at the match of which we give an illustration therefore were favourable to the very best work.



A LONELY FURROW.

It was a competition in Berkshire, and the reward for which the men strove was His Majesty's prize for ploughmen. The King sets an excellent example in giving it, as there is scarcely a farmer or landlord in the country who is not aware of a great falling off in what once was the rustic zeal for proficiency in the lowlier arts of agriculture. Every year it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain men who take any pride in such callings as thatching, ditching, shepherding, and ploughing, and whoever tries to foster and encourage this feeling deserves well of the country.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SONNING BRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Lutyens' plans for the rebuilding of the Sonning Bridges would evidently make one of the loveliest lines of bridgework in England, far more beautiful than the present wood pile bridges, excellent though these bridges are from their very simplicity. Surely with this enormous saving in expense, and a bridge that, as Sir Bradford Leslie shows, would outlast any iron bridge that could be built, we may hope that the Oxfordshire County Council will give up their iron-girder schemes.—M. B. N.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Whatever the result of this correspondence and the publication of the plans Mr. Lutyens has given you for the rebuilding of the Sonning wood bridges may be, we all owe you and Mr. Lutyens a sincere debt of gratitude for showing our County Councils how a bridge over a wide reach of river ought to be built. The design is excellent, quite in keeping with the lovely old brick bridge, yet strong enough to bear any weight of traffic that can be put on it—traction engine traffic or ordinary road traffic—very easy for future generations to repair—for it is fairly evident it will not want repair in our day—and a general model of strength and simple beautiful lines. Is it too much to hope that the Oxfordshire County Council, now that they have the opportunity of saving some thousands of pounds of the ratepayers' money, and at the same time of raising a monument to themselves, may yet decide to carry out Mr. Lutyens' plans?—BERKSHIRE.

### LICENSING MOTOR-CAR DRIVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed in a recent issue of your paper an article dealing with the question as to whether drivers of motor-cars should be licensed. Personally, I feel we do not want to advocate this licensing question until we are really sure that it is going to be advisable, and I cannot think that it will be from a private owner's point of view. I think the professional man or paid driver should be licensed, and I do not think there would be any objection to this, as it would be in his

favour to have a certificate proving that he was competent to drive a motor-car. The owner of the car, as a rule, having paid for his car, takes special pains to study the mechanism, and at the same time to be fully competent to drive it before he ventures out to drive on the main roads, thinking too much of his life and the amount of money that he has paid for his car to wish to risk either.—W. M. L.

### SUNDIAL AT EVERLEY MANOR HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At Everley Manor House, Wiltshire, is a sundial, made by John Hatton, Wolverhampton (*sic*). I wonder if your contributor who is an authority on sundials could tell me the approximate date of the Everley one.—H. RICHARDSON.

[We are sorry we cannot give the date, on the information furnished. A local history of Wolverhampton or district might give the date of John Hatton, or of the change in spelling the name of the town.—ED.]

### PUTTING UP INSCRIPTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish to put up a few inscriptions, roughly carved in oak, on several buildings on my estate, also a few in metal-work. Could any of your readers give me the address of any boys' carving school, or metal school, that it would help to have the order?—T. A. N.

[The County Council Technical Schools ought to be able to provide these.—ED.]

### AMERICAN ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On page 234, issue of August 23rd last, you have given an Editorial caution to your readers as to the genuineness of American roses that is timely and well supported by facts. We, indeed, have our American Beauty (Mme. F. Jamain) that originated in France, and our Helen Gould (Balduin) born and reared in Germany; but the most recent American example is the Yellow Cochet (Mme. Derepas Mairat). Our Rose Society and the National Society of American Florists through their members and nomenclature committees are struggling to make this piracy odious; but the slick tricks of the fakir are hard to defeat. I, of course, realise that Ivory and Alice Roosevelt are necessarily handicapped by the crooked methods which have been occasionally used in the dissemination of roses in the United States. Let us all join heartily and earnestly to black list the "pirates," so that the necessity for such an Editorial note may soon cease to exist. May I close with a word of regret that you should, even in jest, call Mother England an "effete old country."—BENJAMIN DUFFEE.

### THE VILLAGE COBBLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which you may think suitable for publication in your series of "Village Types"—the village snob, an old shoemaker eighty-five years old. He tells me he does not make many boots now, but considers his little shop a "Home for Incurables," patching and mending not being such heavy work for one of his age.—B. W. Z. WRIGHT.



## MAGPIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just seen eight magpies. Is not this large number of these prophetic birds gathered together at one time somewhat unusual? Our Berkshire rustics say:

"One for sorrow,  
Two for joy,  
Three for a wedding,  
Four for a boy."

But they can count no further; and what happiness or misery can this strange portent signify? What an animated, prying, restless, and noisy creature this bird is! See the snowy white of his body and wing, so admirably set off by the burnished black of his parti-coloured plumage. He is the first to give shrill warning of the approach of the fox, or hawk, or cat. He is a bold and determined foe. His reputation as a poacher is not immaculate. He loves eggs; and, if slander belies him not, even young partridges and unfledged chickens or ducklings are not safe from his daring attacks. And if we put him in a cage and tame him, how amusing he is. He is as full of mischief as an egg is of meat; while his inquisitiveness, his familiarity, and the subtle meaning of his arch dark eye, all attract us to him and make us love him. But what does this company of noisy chattering portend? The rustics of other counties can count up more than we can in Berkshire. In Lancashire they can even test the augury of twelve. In Northumberland they say:

"One's joy,  
Two's grief,  
Three's a wedding,  
Four a thief,  
Five is heaven,  
Six is hell,  
Seven the devil's own sel'."

Another rhyme that comes from Durham tells us:

"Five a sickening, six a christening,  
Seven a dance, eight a lady going to France."

Ill luck is always attendant upon the sight of a single bird. If you would avert your evil destiny you must spit three times. The cuckoo shares with the magpie occult powers, and tells us mortals what time has in store for us. Thus the maid sings:

"Cuckoo, cherry tree,  
Good bird tell me  
How many years I shall be  
Before I get married."

She listens to the call of the cuckoo, and knows that as many times as the bird calls, so many years will elapse before the blissful wedding day shall arrive. And then, when thoughts of love have given place to thoughts of age, and the dreams of romance are over, you can again question the sage bird:

"Cuckoo, cherry tree,  
Come down and tell me  
How many years before I dee."

—P. H. DITCHFIELD.

## AN ANCIENT PLANETARIUM.

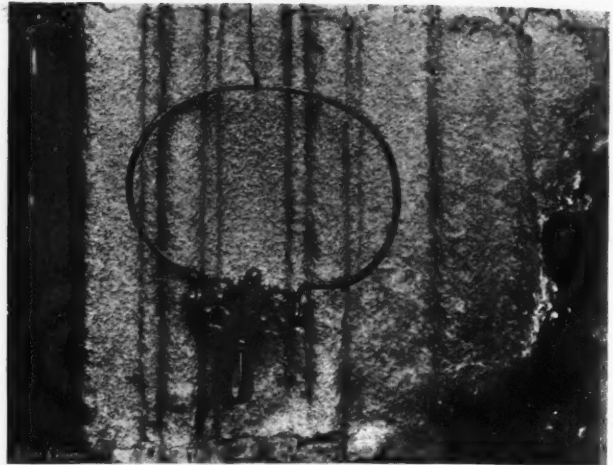
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at Madely Court Manor, Shropshire, which may interest your readers, if you care to print it. The house is a fine old building, but was in bad repair when I saw it some time ago. I think it has now been turned into workmen's dwellings. The photograph is of a planetarium in the grounds; it stands about 5ft. high, and is carved on all sides but the north. I have never seen one like this before, and do not know what date it would be, or if it is still standing, as it was some years ago that I saw it. I believe a mine passes under the house, which may account for its dilapidated condition.—CHRISTOPHER W. HUGHES.

## CURIOUS DOG GAUGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Few cyclists and others interested in old-time buildings and antiquities know the treasures that Browsholme Hall in Lancashire contains. It is the residence of Colonel Parker, who served at the front during the recent war.



The building dates from 1603, and although its exterior is not striking, its interior is rich in all that goes to make up what is of interest in old English mansions. The entrance hall is a veritable museum of antiquities. A dog gauge, which is an ancient relic of the forest laws, consists of a ring of a certain size, through which every dog on the estate, except those belonging to the Lord of the Manor, must be able to pass. This of course compelled the farmers and other plebeians to possess only small-sized dogs which could not injure the game. Any dogs larger than the gauge were to belong to the hall. There is, too, a scroll preserved with religious reverence because it was used by a former son in private religious exercises as a monitor of death, and is polished by frequent attrition to a surface resembling ivory.—W. H. K.

## GUN-SHY DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The only thing to do with the gun-shy bitch is to run her along with another dog that has been shot over and is faster than the gun-shy one, so that she will not be able to get the points first; that will teach her to back, also at the same time make her jealous and more keen to be forward. The owner of the bitch must exercise both together, and always take more notice of the other dog when they are together, to arouse the tendency to jealousy which one dog has of another when worked together, and as soon as he sees the least signs of improvement reward her with some dainty morsel, to let her know that she has made a step in the right direction.—JAMES HALL, Beal, Northumberland.

## DISEASE AMONG POULTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For several weeks fowls have been dying in my parish, especially in the cold wet weather of the early summer; the disease is apparently contagious, at any rate amongst last year's young birds (not chickens). The symptoms are a dark purple comb, etc.; feathers dull and unhealthy-looking, a ravenous appetite for hot breakfast, but no desire to find food, gradual emaciation, perching by day or sitting about and lameness. The feathers on the cock birds' necks stand out, and occasionally there is a "roupy" breathing. On examination after death it was found that the liver and spleen were filled with yellow spots of all sizes, the surfaces of the organs were studded with the same, several were soft and breaking down with matter; they were similar to tubercular affections as seen on the human subject. We have been for a very long time most interested and appreciative subscribers to COUNTRY LIFE. Black Orpingtons are chiefly attacked. The soil is a damp loam. What is the disease and cure? I should be so much obliged if you could answer this in your paper.—A. H. S.

[It is not easy to decide the disease even from so good a description of symptoms and post-mortem observation as in "A. H. S.'s" enquiry. The probability is that the stock of the village poultry has been enfeebled by inbreeding, and that all more or less are affected by scrofulous taint, and that roup has supervened. All the internal organs seem to be affected, and especially the liver, the weak spot with poultry. Cure is doubtful and undesirable, because if there be scrofulous taint the whole stock ought to be renewed.—ED.]

## AN ELEPHANT AT THE PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which you may think interesting enough to put in your paper. As a rule in India we use the country plough with bullocks, but some time ago I wanted to get some land ploughed deep, so we put on an elephant with an English plough (one of Howard's of Bedford), and although the first attempt was rather disastrous, as the animal bolted, we soon got him used to it. The photograph was taken on the Military Grass Farm, Umballa, and the man driving is Mr. Robbins, the manager of the farm.—R. H. EWART, Umballa, Punjab.

